

# The TATLER

Vol. CLXX. No. 2214

*and* **BYSTANDER**

London  
December 1, 1943



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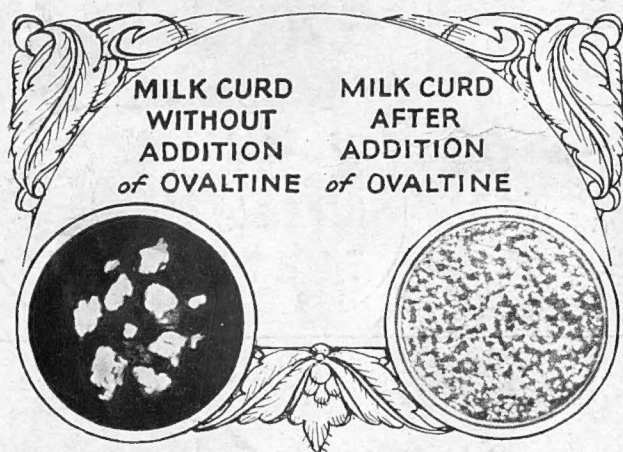
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# THE TATLER

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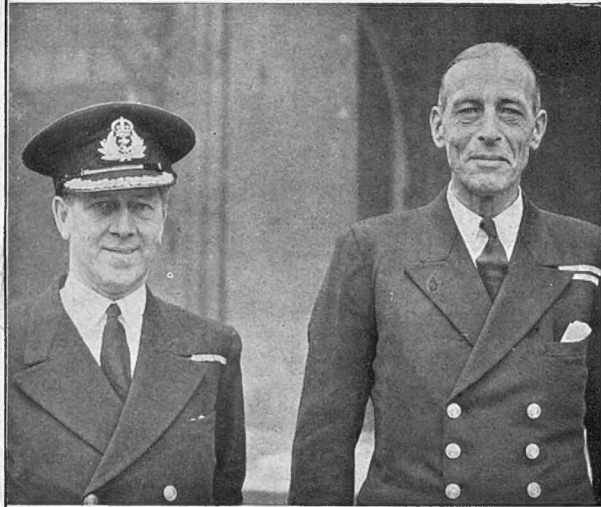
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### Lady Patricia Hibbert and Her Daughters in Wiltshire

The wife of Major Washington Hugh Hibbert and her two small daughters, Bridget and Caroline, were photographed with their dog in the garden of their cottage at Upper Woodford, near Salisbury. Lady Patricia is the elder daughter of the late Earl of Inchcape, and her marriage took place in 1938. Her husband, who is in the Queen's Bays, is the only son of Mr. Washington Hibbert of Kinton, and a nephew of Sir James Hope Nelson, Bt. Bridget Hibbert is four years old, and her baby sister was born six months ago.



### Naval Awards

At a recent investiture Capt. Godfrey Brewer, R.N., and Capt. Patrick Brooking, R.N., both received the D.S.O. Capt. Brooking won his award in a brilliant and successful action against an Italian convoy



### Father and Son at the Palace

Major David Laurie, who received the M.C., was accompanied to the Palace by his father, Maj.-Gen. Sir Percy Laurie, the former Provost Marshal, and is a brother of last year's Lord Mayor of London



### C.B.E for Signals Officer

Maj.-Gen. R. T. O. Cary went to the Palace with his wife and daughter. He received the C.B.E. for services as Signals Officer-in-Chief with the Eighth Army in Persia, Iraq and North Africa



# WAY OF THE WAR

By "Foresight"

### Rumours

THERE'S a lot of peace talk in the air. Rumours from Lisbon and Stockholm and Ankara all tell the same story of soundings which Germans have been making. There may, or may not, be some truth in these stories. But bombs have begun to fall on Berlin once again, which shows what the Allied leaders think; and they ought to know. Air Marshal Harris's winter offensive has been started in real earnest, in accordance with his promise. In any case, it would be necessary to know what sort of Germans are responsible for these approaches and what, if any, backing they have got. I have no doubt that influential Germans are now anxiously looking for a way out for their country—and it would not surprise me that they have made approaches in neutral capitals with greater honesty of purpose than at any other time in this war—but in a country which is so Nazified there's not a chance of them getting any backing, unless they get rid of Hitler first. There are indications that the Nazis are beginning to blame the German army leaders for losing the war. So Hitler—the astute politician—may yet fly a peace dove on his own account.

### Appeal

IN Washington they are talking about a direct appeal being made by the Allied leaders to the German people inviting them to surrender. This is an echo from the autumn of 1918, if ever there was one. Obviously this is a matter for the most careful consideration. So far the Allied leaders have maintained their demand for Germany's unconditional surrender. Goebbels has been able to make very good use of this to build up German resistance. But not until Mr. Churchill, Marshal Stalin and President Roosevelt have met shall we know what they think. Probably they will decide to do nothing beyond pressing home the military attack on Hitler's fortress.

### Difference

THERE is, of course, a difference between 1918 and now. The opposing armies were locked in a deadly grip in France, and it was not possible to be sure which way the struggle would go although there was not lacking, as now, plenty of optimism about the final outcome. But little was known about the actual conditions in Germany, and certainly we did not feel that we had the initiative in our hands as we do now. Russia was out of the war, and was not the military colossus she is now. Above all, the power of the bomb and the organisation of air raids were not as they are now. Germany has lost the initiative in aerial warfare, and can only threaten us with terrors of yet another secret weapon. But it will have to be of terrible and devastating power to save Germany from the fate of her defeat.

### Historic

WHATEVER the future holds, it is safe to prognosticate that the new session of Parliament which was opened by the King in an atmosphere of sombre wartime dignity will

be historic. It will see this country at the peak of its military power, preparing to organise the defeat of Germany and the victorious reorganisation of our own fortunes. For none can mistake the new urgency of the war's pace at this moment, and none can doubt that a fresh attack on Hitler's fortress from some new point in the near future is a certainty.

### Dignity

THE King was in naval uniform, and though the present House of Lords—the original Chamber is now used by the House of Commons—is cramped for space the ceremony lost none of its dignity. There was the same sense of the dramatic as the King, with the Queen, entered the Chamber, which was immediately flooded with light, and led Her Majesty towards the thrones set on a dais. His Majesty delivered his speech in slow, clear and confident voice. The King and Queen had departed when Lord Normanby, who was recently repatriated from Germany, where he had been a prisoner of war, moved a loyal Address in reply to the Speech. Lord Cowdray, who lost an arm in the fighting round Calais, was the seconder.

### Promise

IN the House of Commons the debates on the King's Speech will last for three weeks, and will in all probability be wound up by the Prime Minister giving one of his reviews of the war. Obviously the Government recognise that something must be done to reassure farmers that they will be taken care of after the war, which is a tribute to the persistence



### Leaving the Investiture

Lt.-Col. Dudley Smith, who received the D.S.O., also had his wife and daughter with him when he went to the investiture to get his award. He is in the Essex Regiment, and lives at Chigwell, Essex



*Bassano*  
Sir William Strang, K.C.M.G., M.B.E.

Formerly an Assistant Under-Secretary of State at the Foreign Office, Sir William Strang has been appointed British representative of the European Advisory Commission, with the rank of Ambassador

of Mr. R. S. Hudson, the Minister of Agriculture. Equally, the miners are promised legislation. Does this mean that the Government are prepared to grasp the nettle of nationalisation? By his latest pronouncements Sir William Beveridge is not satisfied with the Government's policy of social improvement, which includes enlarged and unified social insurances, comprehensive health services, and new Workmen's Compensation legislation. Like a prima donna, he wants all his plan put into legislation or—can it really be so?—nothing at all.

#### Courage

Not even Mr. Herbert Morrison's Labour friends are agreed about his action in releasing Sir Oswald and Lady Mosley. It cannot be that they have fallen for the mass of organised propaganda which preceded and followed the release. They must have other

reasons for desiring to disassociate themselves from the one strong man of their party. Nobody need envy Mr. Morrison his responsibility for deciding the issue in this case. He's too clever a politician not to have realised beforehand what kind of a fuss there would be. But, as I have noted before, Mr. Morrison's greatest ambition is to be recognised as an administrator of the first order. His decision to release Sir Oswald and Lady Mosley was an administrator's decision, not a politician's. It required plenty of courage, and, above all, conviction of heart and mind to justify it. This, I believe, Mr. Morrison did in the course of his statement to the House of Commons. But we haven't heard the last of the Mosley case. It's a heaven-sent opportunity for the Communists to keep the pot boiling, and they mean to do this at all costs. The Communists never sleep, and their vitality exceeds that of any other party.

#### Compromise

WELCOME, though temporary, settlement of the Lebanon crisis redounds to the credit of General Catroux. He is a man of great common sense, and administrative ability. It was he who did more than anybody else to bring General de Gaulle and General Giraud together. By releasing the President of the Lebanon and members of the Government the French authorities have provided an opportunity for making a fresh start in the interests of co-operation in the Middle East, which is as vital to France of the future as it is to Great Britain, Soviet Russia and the United States of America.

#### Reverse

THE loss of the islands of Cos, Leros and now Samos is a reverse for the Allies which is likely to have more immediate effect on the Turks than it is on the people of this country and America. Turkey has been faced with a vital decision ever since the Moscow Conference; it is whether she should enter the war or stay out and allow the Allies to manage without her. There is no doubt that Russia would like to see Turkey fully participating in the war, while in London clubs the experts argue forcibly that if we had only had Turkish air bases we should not have lost the Aegean islands.



Lt.-Cdr. R. Brabner, D.S.O., M.P.

Cdr. Rupert Brabner, D.S.O., R.N.V.R., M.P., on one of his rare visits to Westminster from his war station, moved the Address in reply to the King's Speech at the opening of Parliament

#### Precedent

MR. CORDELL HULL has made a precedent in Washington which may yet have considerable effect on the course of the American constitution. He has addressed a joint session of Congress, and given members of the Senate and the House of Representatives a full account of the Moscow Conference. No Secretary of State has done this before. Only the President, and distinguished visitors to the Capitol, have this privilege. But in Washington politicians as well as members of the Administration have begun to realise how much more efficient is our parliamentary system, whereby a minister can give an account of his stewardship and receive a vote of confidence in return. There is no such continuous contact between the Administration and Congress in Washington. The result is that political opinion is made in the lobbies and committee rooms, rather than in public debate.



King Leopold's Birthday

A luncheon was held at the Belgian Embassy in London to celebrate the anniversary, and afterwards Baron de Cartier de Marchienne, the Belgian Ambassador, and M. Leo van Payvelde, admired the King's portrait by M. Ernest Casteleir (left)



Prince Olaf Inspects A.T.S. Cadets

Chief Controller L. V. L. E. Whateley, C.B.E., made her first public appearance as Chief Controller and Director of the A.T.S. when she received Prince Olaf of Norway, who came to inspect A.T.S. cadets passing out of the O.C.T.U. With them (centre) is Chief Commander E. Verney

# MYSELF AT THE PICTURES

A Very Certain Feeling

By James Agate

REVERED readers, have I ever groused, grunted, yea, fulminated against some film or other in these columns? I have. Have I denounced some picture as silly, inconsequent, brainless and improbable? Often. But now for once I have the privilege to write about a film which is sensible, coherent, life-like and witty, witty, witty. This is the film called *That Uncertain Feeling* and it is performed at the Astoria. It is produced and directed by Ernst Lubitsch. It is divinely short. It is admirably acted. What more can one want?

THE story is the old one of the wife who, bored by her dull, business-immersed husband, takes refuge in what she imagines to be the romantic passion of another man. Is it Merle Oberon who brings all her breeding and poise to the part? Yes. Is the husband that polished and accomplished actor Mervyn Douglas? Yes. And the transitory object of Merle's affections? Would not that second-rate pianist and shabby sponger be wholly

is delicately torn to shreds. When the Hungarian business guests invited to eat goulash with Mervyn and Merle talk Hungarian—scream would be a better word—across the table. And the delightful scene in Mervyn's unmarried quarters, which is the best French farce. In fact, everywhere.

I BEG you to see this film, which is elegant, and a world away from the footling rubbish one has to sit through in nine out of ten light comedies. Soothing too, with its complete absence of gangsters, campus oafs, cabarets, dance-bands and the like. I had the feeling that I was sitting at the Criterion Theatre forty years ago, watching a slick and well-bred comedy "from the French" in which the actors and actresses still knew how to be gentlemen and ladies. Yes, I have no uncertain feeling about this one.

WHEN the curtains parted on *By Hook Or By Crook* (Empire) I gathered that this was going to be an American "musical." And it

order to cut a dash. This of course leads to disasters. There is a comic wedding-night scene where Eleanor, who has married him out of pique because her fiancé (Richard Ainley) has fallen for another woman, wishes to give her husband a sleeping draught to postpone the customary connubialities; and in her confusion drinks it herself. The result being that Red, in trying to restore her to consciousness, throws her all over the room, rolls her up in bundles, shakes her down into heaps, and presents her inanimate body to us in parallelograms and rhomboids, thereby proving that an athletic dancer must have muscles of steel, limbs of india-rubber, and the agility of a hundred cats. Later there is some nonsense about a fellow actor who is also a Nazi agent and wants to blow up a warehouse: why, we are not told, but any excuse is good enough to drag in the war. And of course the agent doesn't succeed, because Red finds the bomb, and the police arrive just before it is due to explode, and Eleanor, finding she really loves the trousers-presser after all, falls into his arms. And we feel that she will be more careful about the drinks in the immediate future.

THIS airy trifle was followed by a fifty-minute documentary. This is the first of a series of seven, entitled *Divide and Conquer*, and is



There is Dancing and Laughter in "Thank Your Lucky Stars" (at Warners Theatre, on December 3)

Scheduled to run until after Christmas, "Thank Your Lucky Stars" is the very thing for the holidays. It's a dizzy, crazy picture with a conglomeration of stars which includes Humphrey Bogart, Eddie Cantor, Bette Davis, Olivia de Havilland, Errol Flynn, John Garfield, Joan Leslie, Ida Lupino, and so on and on, each of them contributing his or her own individual talent in expected—and unexpected—ways. Above left: Bette Davis shows her skill in a number entitled "They're either too young or too old"; centre: Willie Best and Hattie McDaniel in "Ice Cold Katie"; and right: Alexis Smith dancing her way through the grand finale

kickable were he not superbly played by Burgess Meredith, oozing charm out of a face comically reminiscent of a ventriloquist's dummy? Yes. Burgess pretends to play quite a lot during this film. The opening of the Sonata Pathétique with one extra chord for luck, a Godowsky-like paraphrase from *Tristan*, and one of Bach's less terminable perambulations. He starts some Brahms. But the slumber-song turns out to be swan-song, for Mervyn has made it up with Merle, and there is no further room for Burgess in that now-once-again happy home. So he takes his large photographs away and slinks out of the house, presumably to seek another victim.

ADMIRABLE as the acting is, the most of the praise should go to Lubitsch. That genius of observation, surprise and sophisticated tomfoolery shows his fingerprints everywhere from start to finish. When the curtains divide after we have read that although man has penetrated to the ends of the earth, there is yet one place where . . . and we find ourselves in a Ladies' Lounge. When the absurdity of surrealistic art

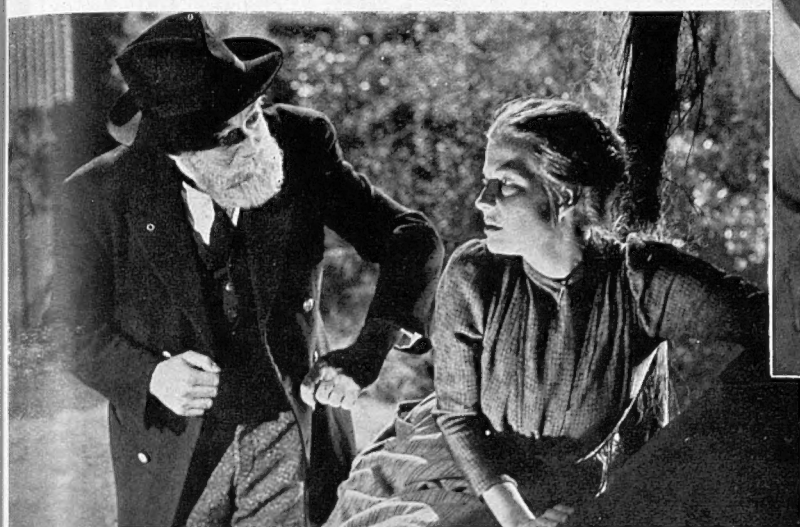
was. A jazz band was in full "swing" in some Broadway theatre, platoons of belligerent trombones and saxophones made threatening noises, the conductor gyrated like a dancing Dervish, and the audience started by frantically beating time and ended by hallooing to the reverberate wings. Then we were treated some twenty times to a descending scale in the Manhattan Mode, after which Eleanor Powell sang and danced. I must say I prefer her dancing, as feet are presumably incapable of tapping out of tune.

RED SKELTON is a very likeable, quaint, human, and humorous comedian, compounded of a grain of Chaplin and an ounce of our own Bobby Howes, plus a great deal of original fun. In this film he plays the part of Eleanor's adorer and is by trade a trousers-presser. He goes to every performance where she appears and knows every word of the play by heart, anticipating the actors' lines to the intense annoyance of his neighbours. He also has the dangerous habit of donning his customer's clothes to go out in at night in

issued under the auspices of the American Office of War Information in collaboration with our Ministry of Information. It is a history of the war, and is prefaced by an introductory speech by Mr. Churchill, who is not only a joy to listen to but a delight to watch. Those hands, those eloquent gestures and pregnant looks—had Mr. Churchill not become the greatest Prime Minister of modern times he would have made one of our greatest actors. The present section deals with the war from the invasion of Denmark by Germany in 1940 to the capitulation of France. It is a thrilling and most instructive pageant, with first-hand shots of Hitler, Goering, Goebbels, Pétain, de Gaulle, and many others, besides invasion scenes, sea battles, parachute landings, and the bombing of cities. The shots of the attack on Rotterdam are particularly hair-raising. In a word the war is all here, and everything has the air of complete authenticity. Everybody must look forward to seeing the rest of the series, and I feel that thanks should be publicly expressed to the Anglo-American Film Corporation for distributing these unforgettable pictures.

# "Flesh and Fantasy"

Being the Three Dreams of Mr. Robert Benchley



## Betty Field and Robert Cummings are in Dream No. 1

It is the time of Mardi Gras. Henriette (Betty Field), embittered because she lacks beauty, is about to take her life. She is stopped by an old man who urges her to wear the mask of a beautiful woman. Wearing the mask she dances with her lover (Robert Cummings). At midnight the mask falls off, and to her joy Henriette discovers that real love has made her lovely



## Dame May Whitty, Edward G. Robinson and Anna Lee are in Dream No. 2

Marshall Tyler (Edward G. Robinson), a London solicitor, is told by a famous palmist that he will commit a murder. He becomes obsessed with the idea, breaks off his engagement to Rowena (Anna Lee), and attempts to murder Lady Pamela Hardwick (Dame May Whitty). He is half demented when he meets the palmist (Thomas Mitchell) again. He strangles him and, pursued by the police, dashes through a circus, where he is run over by a truck and killed



## Charles Boyer and Barbara Stanwyck are in Dream No. 3

The Great Gaspar, a famous tight-rope artist (Charles Boyer), dreams that he falls during his most dangerous act. His mind is obsessed with the thought of a beautiful woman, who will see him fall. As a result he is unable to go on with the act until one day he meets the woman of his dreams face to face. His confidence restored, he reverts to his old performance successfully. He falls in love with the lady (Barbara Stanwyck), only to find that she is wanted by the police. On the right, above, Joan Stanley (Barbara Stanwyck) is seen being arrested by detectives (Joseph Crehan and Lee Phelps)

# The Theatre

By Horace Horsnell

## An Ideal Husband (Westminster)

MR. ROBERT DONAT's first season as a theatre manager opened very auspiciously. His inaugural production not only promises well, but should pleasantly surprise playgoers who may have carelessly assumed that Oscar Wilde was a one-play dramatist—*The Importance of Being Earnest* first, and the rest nowhere. It re-establishes *An Ideal Husband* as a well-written, soundly constructed, even exciting drawing-room melodrama. The dialogue may not have the sustained sparkle of the more famous comedy—such verbal glitter would have dazzled the theme—but it is both technically and theatrically good. The sentences begin, continue, and are rounded off grammatically; and while deferring to period and more artificial niceties, the speakers are neither slangily exclamatory nor baldly realistic. The text has its quips, of course, for the writer was a wit, and promoted some of them to *The Importance*; and there are passages of more formal declamation that invite a full oratorical register, and enable such players as can rise with them to reach those heights whereon their predecessors moved at grandiloquent ease.

It is good also to be thus reminded that the contemporary theatre can still hold up the mirror to artifice no less steadily than it is presumed to reflect nature. And on the scenery and costumes of this Edwardian thriller Mr. Rex Whistler has so generously exercised his flair for decorative pastiche, that murmurs of appreciative delight greet the superb still-life conversation piece which the rise of the curtain unveils, and the dialogue is in no hurry to animate.

This pictorial stasis—as of a group of enchanted dreamers in the entourage of the sleeping princess, or of Beecham-admonished chatters at the opera—is for our benefit,

rather than for that of the off-stage musicians to whose tactful obligato it is ostensibly addressed. It enables us to take in the stage picture without distractions; and on our side of the footlights "each maid cries, Charming! and each youth, Divine!"

TITLES in this company are as common as nicknames in a bomber mess. Cocktails are an unknown quantity. The orchidaceous confections of the ladies have a greenhouse bloom, and the furnishing and appointments of these Grosvenor Square interiors pile bric-a-brac on whatnots with a zestful prodigality known only to dealers, collectors and museum curators, who have never heard of that horrid word utility.

This tale of international blackmail in old Mayfair is, however, no museum piece; nor would its theatre virtue have been enhanced had these decorative transports been more



Martita Hunt, as Mrs. Cheveley, is "upholstered and coiffed with picturesque distinction." With her is Manning Whiley, as Sir Robert Chiltern, Bt., Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs

Sketches by  
Tom Titt



Dame Irene Vanbrugh, as Lady Markby, revels in the social cadenza



Esme Percy, as the Earl of Caversham, K.G., is the doyen of the diplomatic corps. His future daughter-in-law, Mabel Chiltern, is played by Peggy Bryan



Roland Culver appears as Viscount Goring, son of the Earl of Caversham. With him is Rosemary Scott, as Lady Chiltern

realistic or moderated. The action begins deliberately—too deliberately, impatient connoisseurs of the current thriller may feel, while Lady Chiltern's guests stroll in and out of the Octagon Room, bandying compliments with each other, and making themselves known to us. And as the players meet and rise to their varying opportunities, the question is: how persuasively do they substantiate these figments of the nineties, who are neither mere dummies from stock nor faithful studies from life? The ladies wear their lovely toilettes, and the gentlemen pay their compliments, in style.

As Mrs. Cheveley, the dangerous siren from Vienna, who comes to blackmail Sir Robert Chiltern of the Foreign Office into abandoning his House of Commons attack on the Argentine canal racket, and gets hoist with her own petard, Miss Martita Hunt is all that art, sartorial and histrionic, and devilish diplomacy could wish. Upholstered and coiffed with picturesque distinction, she gives throughout a

most stylish performance. Mr. Manning Whiley and Miss Rosemary Scott, as the Chilterns, Mr. Roland Culver as the still sappy chip of the old Caversham block, and Miss Peggy Bryan as the demurely pert ingenue, are all admirable, and give delightfully attractive variety to these happy restorations.

Dame Irene Vanbrugh stands no nonsense from mere pastiche, and once she gets her Lady Markby settled in an armchair with a cup of tea, she revels (as we do) in the social cadenza she executes with such high-comedy gusto and unstinted bravura. Mr. Esme Percy, doyen of any corps diplomatique he condescended to grace, gives sweetly-tart authenticity to the old Caversham block. Thus sponsored, the well-bred, suitably preposterous plot, and the well-considered production, weld decoration and unabashed theatricality into entertainment that is both ornamental and exciting, and by no means as dead as the dodo (or even Dodo), and that shows the importance of being (or seeming to be) earnest.

# Two Over the Eight

Of "Ten Little Niggers"

Only Two Survive



"It's Entitled 'Swan Song'"

The unfortunate incident in the past of each of the house-party is disclosed by means of a gramophone record. (Percy Walsh, Michael Blake, Terence de Marney, Linden Travers, Allan Jeayes, William Murray, Henrietta Watson, Eric Cowley)

Imagine a lonely island off the Devon coast; imagine ten people, hitherto unknown to each other, gathered there; imagine their reactions when each discovers that a guilty, conscience-stricken past is common to them all; imagine their feelings when one by one their number is diminished by accident and untimely death; imagine their suspicion of each other—if you can imagine these things, you will have a good idea of whether or not you are likely to enjoy Miss Agatha Christie's thriller, *Ten Little Niggers*, at St. James's Theatre. If you like crime stories and demand less logic than thrill in your entertainment, here is the play for you

Photographs by John Vickers



## "That's Our Warning"

On the wall of the house the old nursery rhyme, "Ten Little Niggers," has been printed. On a shelf beneath, the figures of the ill-fated nigger boys stand, and as each one of the guests meets his or her end, so do these figures, one by one, disappear. (Terence de Marney, Linden Travers, Allan Jeayes)



## "A Hypodermic Syringe"

Miss Emily Brent, a spinster of apparently unimpeachable behaviour, is found dying, ostentatiously as the result of a wasp sting. Examination, however, brings to light a hypodermic syringe. (Allan Jeayes, Gwyn Nicholls, Linden Travers, Terence de Marney, Henrietta Watson)



## "Even Judges Have Gone Mad Before Now"

Five little nigger boys have met their fate—five remain. Three more have yet to disappear before the successful two over the eight are disclosed. Who are they? The answer is to be found at St. James's Theatre. (Linden Travers, Terence de Marney, Percy Walsh, Allan Jeayes)

# On and Off Duty

## A Wartime Chronicle of Town and Country

### Riding to Hounds

WHILE staying with her grandmother, Queen Mary, at her wartime country home, Princess Elizabeth had her first outing with hounds. Disappointingly, there was no "kill," but the Princess, who has a fine natural seat, enjoyed the experience very much indeed, and will without doubt be seen out again when the opportunity arises. With the King and Queen, Princess Elizabeth was paying

blue; she was wearing her favourite maple-leaf brooch in diamonds, and was accompanied on her tour of inspection by Mrs. Henry Stockley, who was responsible for the arrangement, making-up and tinting of every article there. Lady Hyde was in attendance, and Lord Iliffe also walked round with the Royal party, carrying the Queen's fur stole part of the time. Later in the day the Duchess of Gloucester, attended by Miss Eva Sandford, also inspected



### Buying Books for the Red Cross

The Princess Royal bought a number of books at the Red Cross and St. John Book Fair. The Hon. Andrew Shirley, director and manager of the Times Book Club, where the Fair was held, helped her to choose



### Music for the Duchess at the United Nations Club

A cheerful group of Allied soldiers of the three services surrounded the Duchess of Kent when she visited the United Nations Club in St. James's Square a short time ago and listened to a naval pianist

a two-day private family visit to Queen Mary. It was the first time they had all been together for some months, for Queen Mary is inflexible in her determination not to travel more than she can possibly help while railway restrictions are in force. Queen Mary has entered into all sorts of local activities with her characteristic energy and enthusiasm, and although there is no doubt in the minds of her friends that Her Majesty would far sooner be back in London, where she could more easily devote herself to the affairs of charities in which she has taken an interest for so many years, yet there is equally no doubt that country life suits her, and she has found a great deal of happiness in her wartime mode of living. Unbelievable though it may sound, our much-loved Queen Mother, who reaches her seventy-seventh birthday next May, still spends a good deal of her spare time cutting trees and trimming hedges on the big estate where she lives.

### The Queen Buys Lace

THE Queen was obviously deeply interested in the beautiful display of valuable lace which was sold last week in aid of the Red Cross and St. John Joint War Organisation. She surely must have spoken to every stallholder there, for each one was presented to her, and, to their great delight, she bought some little thing from each stall, including a charming heart-shaped cushion of blonde lace on palest blue. Her Majesty was looking very well in her neatly tailored long coat and frock of steely-

the exhibits, many of which were extremely beautiful and rare. The Duke of Alba walked round with his attractive young daughter; the Egyptian Ambassador bought a charming sachet; the Netherlands and Brazilian Ambassadors were there with their wives; Lady Carisbrooke was to be seen, obviously deeply interested; so were Sir Harry and Lady Joan Verney and that other member of Queen Mary's entourage, the Dowager Countess of Airlie, who was wearing an original coat cleverly cut from a Paisley shawl. Mrs. Winston Churchill was there; so was Lady Willingdon. Lady Dudley came with her sister, Lady O'Neill, and Mrs. George Philippi was with her sixteen-year-old daughter, who has already made up her mind that she wants to be a surgeon when she is old enough.

### Ciro's Reopens

THE reopening of *Ciro's* revived a flood of memories, and nostalgic reminiscences filled the air when once again the famous doors were

(Continued on page 266)



### Lord Northampton's Daughter is Christened in the Country

The Hon. Judith Compton, daughter of the Marquess and Marchioness of Northampton, was christened at Castle Ashby Church on November 20th. This group, taken after the ceremony, shows Mr. Henry Markham, proxy godfather for the Hon. Spencer Loch; Mrs. Edward Compton, godmother; Lord and Lady Northampton and the baby; Mrs. Charles Butler, godmother; and Col. A. Fetherstonhaugh, proxy for Mr. Michael Stewart

# Old Lace

The Queen Visits the Red Cross  
Exhibition and Sale



*The Duchess of Gloucester with Marie Marchioness of Willingdon and Mrs. Henry Stockley*

When the Queen arrived at Claridges for the Exhibition and Sale of old lace, held in aid of the Red Cross, she was received by the chairman, Marie Marchioness of Willingdon, Field-Marshal Sir Philip Chetwode and Lord Iliffe, and her Majesty made purchases at every stall. The Duchess of Gloucester was another visitor



*The Marchioness of Carisbrooke and Lady Chetwode examined one of the exhibits*



*Left: Miss Lilie Elsie and Mrs. Philip Hill discussed the merits of a lace-covered cushion*

*Her Majesty talked to Mrs. Simon Marks, who was a stallholder*



*Mrs. Robert Balfour shows a basket, one of the Queen's purchases, to Lady Franckenstein and Princess de Chimay*

*Miss R. Foster was a buyer at the stall of the Hon. Mrs. Langton Iliffe, Lord Iliffe's daughter-in-law*



*Lady Chetwynd's Party in Aid of China*

Four guests at the party at Lady Chetwynd's London house were Lady Victor Paget, Miss Maureen Blakely, Mrs. Humphrey Cook and Mrs. M. Waldram



Lady Chetwynd, the hostess, is seen here with Dr. T. R. Durland, Attaché at the Cuban Legation and probably the only woman diplomat in England, and Capt. J. M. Davis



*Red Cross Gift Shop*

Viscountess Suidale looked at the toys after opening the new Red Cross Gift Shop in Kensington. Her husband succeeded Lord Burghley as M.P. for Peterborough in October



*Two at Ciro's*

Swabe

Mrs. Littlejohn Cook, organiser of the successful reopening night of Ciro's, in aid of the R.A.F. Benevolent Fund and the All-Services Club, had Air Chief-Marshal Sir Christopher Courtney on her left

## On and Off Duty

(Continued)

opened to as brilliant a throng as wartime London can produce—all gathered together not only to rejoice in the opening, but to give their support and donations to the Royal Air Force Benevolent Fund and the All-Services Canteen Club. Largely responsible for the success of the evening was Mrs. Littlejohn Cook, who had worked tirelessly during the preceding twelve days, sending out tickets, collecting donations and valuable presents to be auctioned by Mr. Leslie Henson, and generally ensuring that everyone there had a really good time. With her joint chairman, Mrs. Anthony Eden, she had two tables for dinner, at one of which sat personal friends and at the other heroes of the R.A.F. and their wives and friends. Beside Mrs. Eden sat H.E. the Greek Ambassador and Colonel Whitney. Mrs. Littlejohn Cook sat between Air Chief-Marshal Sir Christopher Courtney and Air Marshal Sir Richard Peck. Others at the table were Lady Portal, Lady Iris O'Malley, Air Cdre. Whitney Straight, Air Marshal Sir John Slessor, Lady Peck, Mrs. Fiske, Lady Louis Mountbatten, Lady Courtney and Mr. Bob Foster, the newly-elected President of the American Club in London. At the R.A.F.

table next door were such heroes as W/Cdr. John McLaughlin, W/Cdr. G. H. D. Evans, W/Cdr. H. Smeddle, W/Cdr. K. P. Smales, W/Cdr. Scott Malden, G/Capt. Oliver, W/Cdr. J. E. Johnson and W/Cdr. E. P. Wells.

### Adventurous Daughter—Ingenious Mother

MISS ROSALEEN FORBES has been living adventurously these last few years. The elder daughter of the Hon. Mrs. Donald Forbes and a niece of Lord Granard, she went out to France with the Hadfield-Spears hospital unit as a driver and V.A.D., and when France fell was amongst the last to leave. In 1941, Miss Forbes went off once more with the same unit to Palestine. They were attached to the Fighting French, and went with them into Syria, ending up at Tobruk. After Tobruk fell, the hospital retreated to Alexandria and Cairo; during the battle of El Alamein it functioned in and around Alexandria, and later moved back into Tobruk with the Eighth Army, remaining in Tunisia until the end of the fighting. The hospital is still there, but Miss Forbes is at home having a well-earned spell of leave. An attractive, slim brunette, Rosaleen Forbes speaks French like a native, for her parents had a house in France for many years. At the moment she is staying with her mother, for Mrs. Forbes has been lucky enough to get an unfurnished flat at 51, South Street,



Air Marshal Sir John Slessor sat between Lady Portal, wife of the Chief of the Air Staff, and Lady Iris O'Malley. Air Marshal Slessor is C.-in-C., Coastal Command



Swabe

A party at another table included Miss Sally Gray, the film and stage star, Lord Grantley (who will be better remembered as the Hon. Richard Norton) and the hostess, Mrs. Olga Mendoza

*Some of the Many People Who Were at Ciro's Opening Night*



**"India in Action": the One-Man Exhibition of War Pictures at the National Gallery**

Official war artist Capt. Anthony Gross, whose exhibition of pictures is the first one-man show to be held under the auspices of the War Artists' Advisory Committee, is seen above with Mr. Shannon, M.P.

Distinguished visitors there were Lady Leconfield and Sir Samuel Ranghanda. The exhibition, opened by Mr. L. S. Amery, Secretary of State for India, contains many pictures of the Burma and Middle East campaigns

Park Lane, which is very convenient for her younger daughter, Penelope, who is at the Foreign Office. Mrs. Forbes is a woman with an inventive mind; the curtains in her bedroom have been contrived from damask tablecloths, tinted oyster colour. The tablecloths were of the huge dimensions favoured in those spacious, far-off days when dinner-parties were real functions for large numbers, so they are much more useful in their new guise than they have been for some time past.

**Out and About in London Town**

THE bright, though cold, weather which preceded the seasonable bout of fog brought many people out and about. I saw Lady Georgina Coleridge in a bus queue patiently waiting her turn; Lady Grenfell, her dark hair hidden under a gipsy scarf tied under her chin, also travelled by bus; Princess Alexandra of Greece (hatless and without gloves, for no one could be less formal than this pretty future Queen of Yugoslavia) walked in South Audley Street with Mr. "Chips" Channon, exercising his lovely, woolly sheep-dog; Rosamund Lady Ridley carried her own travelling-bag; and the Hon. Mrs. O'Shaughnessy had her arms full of a few-weeks' old dachshund given to her just half an hour previously as an early Christmas present.

(Concluded on page 280)



**First Nighters at a London Film Premiere**

The Marquis and Marchioness of Ormonde were amongst those who went to the first performance of "Demi-Paradise," at the Odeon Theatre

Viscount Bridgeman and Viscountess Bridgeman came together to see the film. Lord Bridgeman is Director-General of the Home Guard



**At Ciro's: Dining and Dancing in Aid of War Charities**

Air/Cdre. Whitney Straight was sitting next to Lady Louis Mountbatten. He was shot down over France in 1941, but escaped from a German prison camp early this year

Mrs. Anthony Eden, wife of the Secretary for Foreign Affairs, and Col. T. H. Whitney, of the U.S. Army, were deep in conversation

Mrs. William Fiske had another American officer as her neighbour, Col. McCray, editor of a New York paper

Swabe

# Standing By ...

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

CLOSING the London Museum, Lancaster House, St. James's, "till further notice" will enable the Trustees to send a few baskets of old clothes to the cleaner's, or even, temporarily, to the lumber-room, we guess.

There are so many entrancing relics of London's long history in the Museum, from that Roman jug belonging to the shrine of Isis down to the velvet gown in which Miss Horsbrugh, M.P., moved the reply to the King's Speech in 1937, that we always feel, with a few other crusties, that those tall glass cases full of dusty and not very interesting Victorian and Edwardian dinner-gowns and hats and Ascot frocks which adorned the ballroom of this great Victorian palazzo last time we were there could be devoted to more exciting stuff. In the London Museum's opposite number, the Carnavalet, which is exquisitely arranged, apart from being a jewel of sixteenth-seventeenth-century Parisian architecture itself, that last page-proof of *L'Ami du Peuple* stained with Marat's blood is only one of a score of exhibits which get you instantly by the midriff. The Newgate relics at Lancaster House are pretty evocative, and so are the Roman galley and the Tudor jewels and the Cromwell death-mask, but they lack the vital shock, so to speak, of that last tortured and shudderful signature of Guy Fawkes—now in the Records Office—

before which we have spent many a hypnotised half-hour.

## Footnote

HOWEVER, the London Museum boys are extremely keen on "period" clothes, so you should not throw away Uncle Joe's last winter's woollies too hastily. Another exhibit which is going to be pricelessly valuable fifty years hence is a perambulator, temp. George VI.

## Drum

SPEAKING of relics, some little radio actress or other carrying on recently about Drake's drum made us wonder how many chaps know all the legends about this historic exhibit, which nearly perished in a fire at Buckland Abbey, Devon, some years ago.

There are three main legends about Drake's Drum; one, that it rolls a ghostly warning note whenever England is in danger or Parliament assembles, two, that Queen Elizabeth once slept in it, and three, that it is full of liqueur chocolates. The story about the Queen is probably true, for that hag slept everywhere else in England and moreover, would be wishful to keep her loose cash and jewellery intact while under Drake's roof, knowing



MAURICE MCDOUGHLIN

"I only asked for an old suit they weren't using"

that seadog's capacity for Big Business. You will say Queen Elizabeth must have been very small? She was very small. And, you will shyly add, uncomfortable? Yes, very uncomfortable, and, indeed, verging on the hysterical (the Verging Queen, as they called her).

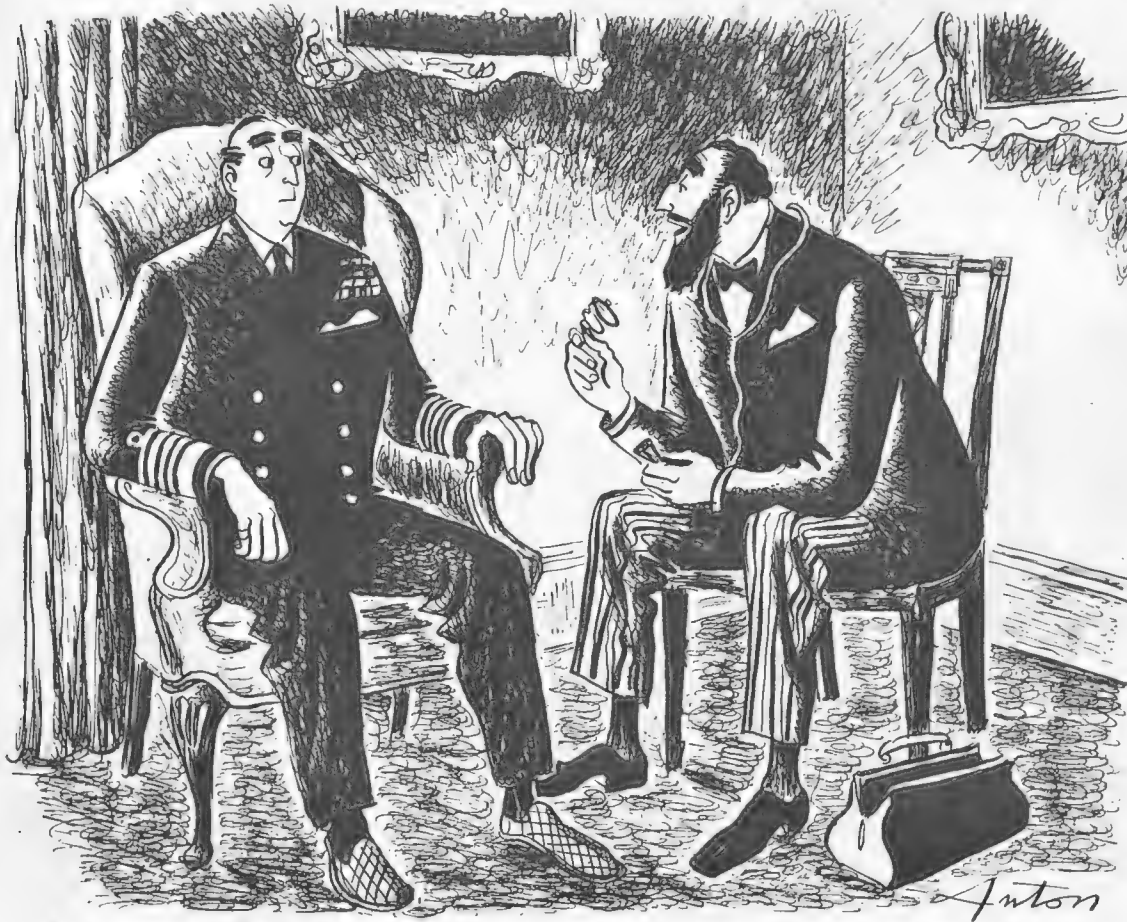
A fourth picturesque legend about Drake's Drum is that it is full of exciting interest for the Island Race, whereas you and we know perfectly well that on the list of things that interest the Race this article is about No. 1765 b, coming immediately before the declining birth-rate (see London Museum note, above) and immediately after the future plans of Dame Shirley Temple.

## Chum

ONE of Auntie Times's little readers, defending Landseer's Trafalgar Square lions against chaps who say Landseer never saw a lion in his life, revealed that Landseer made his sketches from a very old, very full, very sleepy, probably doped Zoo lion dozing on his lawn in St. John's Wood, with a watchful keeper hovering round.

Lacking the anxious delicacy of Auntie's boys, we suggest that Landseer obviously never saw that lion's behind. The King of Beasts is impressive viewed from the front but extremely comic viewed from the rear, tapering off—unlike the Rokeby Venus—from that immense terrifying head to hindquarters which are quite tiny, absurd and piffing. Being acutely conscious of this misfortune the lion—as every Zoo addict is aware—always strives to hide his behind from the Island Race, being afraid the Race might get Britannia to change him for some less bogus pet, such

(Concluded on page 270)



"Remember, Sir James, no scrubbing decks barefoot in the morning"

## Sharing a Cottage

Mrs. Henry Carden, Mrs. James Maxwell  
and Her Children

A pair of sisters, Mrs. James Maxwell and Mrs. Henry Carden, live together in a fourteenth-century cottage near Winchester. They are the daughters of Col. T. E. St. C. Daniell, O.B.E., M.C. Mrs. Maxwell has two children, three-year-old Sarah, and Adrian, aged six months. Mrs. Carden was married this year to Lt.-Col. Henry Carden, 17/21st Lancers, only son of Sir Frederick Carden, Bt. She is a member of the Women's Land Army

*Photographs by Swaebe*



*Wanstead Cottage, in Hampshire*



*Henry and Winston, the two boxers, and Dessa the whippet, are members of the family at Wanstead*



*Mrs. Henry Carden and the Dogs*



*Sarah Has a Ride on Rushie, the Shetland*



*Mrs. James Maxwell and Adrian*

# Standing By ...

(Continued)

as a cow. (As a matter of fact Aubrey Beardsley once drew a new design for the coinage in *The Yellow Book* showing a leering, cockeyed, disreputable *fin-de-siècle* Britannia with a charming French poodle by her side, but the Government has never followed this up.) So Landseer evaded this problem and gave his lions large, idealised behinds, suitable for Left Wing orators' fans to cheer from on Sunday afternoons. Played, sir.

## Prospect

TO one of the gossip-boys a British film-mogul recently revealed in confidence that the first film of a forthcoming colossal new series will probably be a comic one. As happened a little time ago when another British film-mogul made precisely the same statement, or threat, the gossip-boy took it on the chin without a murmur.

A more spirited chap would have asked a question or two, we thought. *E.g.:*

"Why a comic film? I mean, people want to be cheered up nowadays, don't they?"

"I can't help that. We've got to have comic stuff."

"Lots of chaps being debagged and so forth, naturally?"

"Naturally."

"And a Big Chase to end up with?"

"Naturally."

(Here the interviewer produces a revolver and takes his life and the mogul presses a bell, which is answered by a girl with a silly, weak face.)

"Letters, Miss Uh."

"Yes, Mr. Porpentine."

Dictation over, the average film-mogul generally whiles away a few hours at luncheon. We could tell you a lot more about his habits, but decency forbids.

## Soak

HIGHLY disappointing pep-talks seem to be coming of late from Dr. Robert ("Strength-through-Joy") Ley, Hitler's Ideal 100-per-Cent Aryan, contemplating whose photograph we invariably wonder if we have ever seen a homelier mush.

It may be that Dr. Ley, whose unfortunate addiction to getting shellacked, shwipsy, and cockeyed is notorious, finds making resounding speeches interfere more and more with whacking the bottle. Not that this invariably follows. The great Pitt made hundreds of magnificent speeches (and hiccups) with a skin full-to-bursting of Bellamy's port, and we once saw with our own eyes a later statesman, after speaking brilliantly after dinner for nearly an hour, swaying very slightly to and fro, eyes hardly glazed at all, perform a little dance in the cloakroom and fall flat, laughing heartily. It's the legs that let the brain down if the brain is good. Hence we deduce Slogger Ley's mental equipment to be as homely as his Aryan pan, though Heaven knows it's not the dial that matters, but the works.

This latter remark, incidentally, was made by George Eliot when a remark of Browning's about her features got round to her. "And speaking of works," added the furious big girl, flexing her mighty biceps, "if that louse Browning is at the old stand tomorrow I'll give him the works, good and plenty." Gaily carolling "And even if she did I wouldn't read 'em," Browning left next day for Italy, whose beauty was calling him.

## Honour

ONE medal which will never decorate the Goering torso, we guess, is the Medal of Honour of the Royal Horticultural Society, recently awarded certain horticulturists, for what noble deeds were not stated. Risking death to save a dahlia's name, our spies report, is fairly common.

What the Spaniards call the *punto de honor* enters largely into the horticultural racket, apparently. Chivalrous, passionate, brave as a lion, the average rosegrower will never see a good woman wronged without hastening to inquire her name, and, if her name is Mrs. H. J. Gowkins or Ivy B. Scugshaw, noting it carefully down before hurrying away. How a certain deep blush-red championship rose of exquisite perfume got its name is quite a romance. A heartbroken



"Do be reasonable, Miss Penruddock, I keep telling you there isn't a fig-leaf on the island"

old clergyman whose daughter had just gone on the West End stage was weeping outside the vicarage when a warm-hearted rosegrower hurried up and asked if he could be of any service. This conversation ensued.

"Nay, nay, sir. These old grey hairs, dishonoured by a thankless wanton—"

"What is your daughter's name, sir?"

"Mélisande. Or rather, Mélisande Joyeuse Chantal Sigismunda."

"I'm afraid— May I ask whom I have the pleasure of addressing?"

"My name is Grummitt, sir. Rev. Elijah Grummitt."

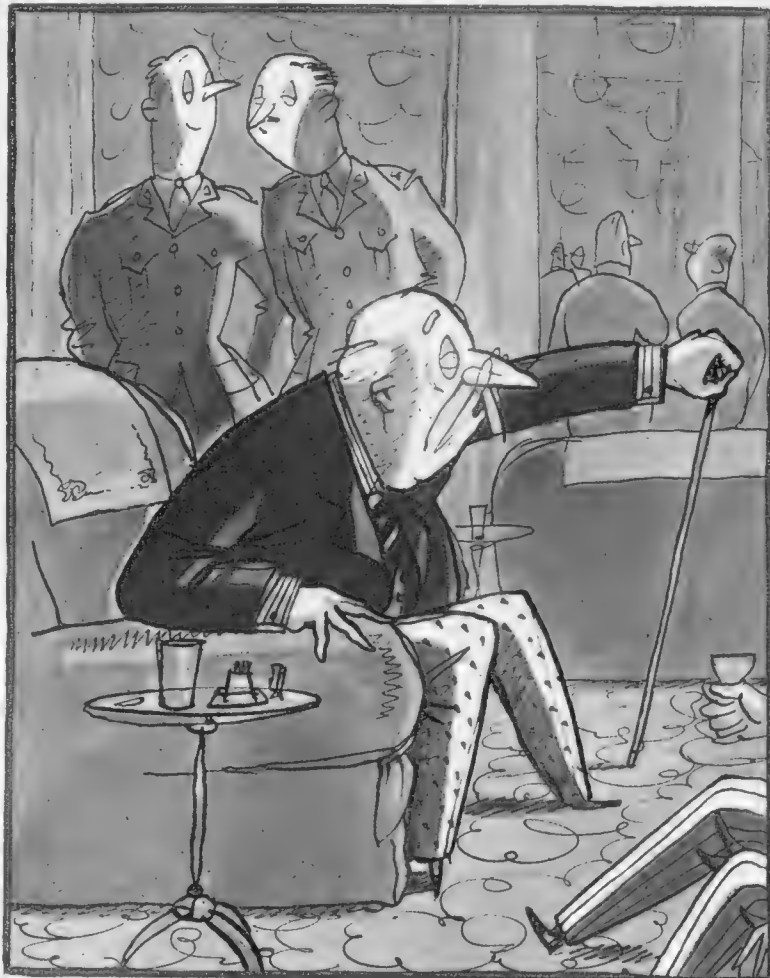
Leaping madly in the air, with a scream of ecstasy, the rosegrower shoved the poor old clergyman into the hedge and rushed home to christen his newest, loveliest most fragrant bloom. "Rev. Elijah Grummitt!" The discovery of the age, and maybe the Medal of Honour hangs on that frightful rosegrowing bosom this very moment.

## Stow

LAST time we met Mr. Robert Benchley he made a long rambling defiant statement about having promised a sweet Aberdeen bitch that he would never, never be an actor; a promise he has now, we observe, broken so completely that he practically walks away with the new Astaire film.

Mr. Benchley was an eminent New York satirist and theatre-critic when he mentioned this promise, completely normal (except for being pursued everywhere by guinea-fowl) and showing no signs that the old virus was at work. The theatre, in fact, gave him great misery. Probably he was a star actor all the time and didn't know it, and his best friends naturally wouldn't tell him. The Benchley reaction on finding himself to be a first-class comedy actor was probably one of sincere embarrassment and flurried nerves.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis



"Look! Chairborne Brigade, old boy!"



## Mme. Katina Paxinou

The Leading Lady of the Greek Theatre  
in Her First Hollywood Role

Mme. Katina Paxinou, first lady of the Greek Theatre, has jumped into the foremost ranks of screen stardom with her brilliant performance as Pilar, the force behind the guerrilla band around which centres the interest in *For Whom the Bell Tolls*. Mme. Paxinou came to England in the early days of the war, and under the direction of Charles B. Cochran gave her first performance in English in Ibsen's *Ghosts*. Shortly afterwards she left for America to aid the Greek War Relief Funds, and appeared on Broadway in *Hedda Gabler*. Offers from Hollywood followed





*Air Chief-Marshal Sir Arthur Harris, K.C.B., O.B.E., A.F.C.*

The Germans have cause to fear the name of Air Chief-Marshal Sir Arthur T. Harris, C-in-C. Bomber Command. Since taking over the Command in February 1942, at a time when the expansion of our air-striking power allowed us to undertake far more large-scale offensive operations than had previously been possible, he has never deviated from his policy of ruthless and methodical bombing of the enemy's industrial centres. Air Chief-Marshal Harris served in the R.F.C. in the last war, joining the R.A.F. in 1919. He was Deputy Chief of the Air Staff in 1940, and headed the R.A.F. delegation in Washington in 1941.

## Opposite Numbers

Portraits by

The Men Who, in Close  
for All the Offensive Air



## -Bomber Command

Guthbert Orde

collaboration, are Responsible  
operations from This Country

### Brigadier-General Frederick L. Anderson

Co-operating with Air Chief-Marshal Harris in planning and organising operations from Britain is Brig.-Gen. Frederick L. Anderson, who became Commanding General of the United States Army Eighth Bomber Command last July. At that time, at the unusually early age of thirty-seven, he was commanding a bomber wing (equivalent to a bomber group in the R.A.F.). He is possessed of the same singleness of purpose as Air Chief-Marshal Harris, and is determined to use his forces to the utmost for the destruction of Germany's war centres. The two chiefs confer daily and work hand in glove towards their common aim

## At Home Pictures

of Mr. and Mrs. George King

Mrs. George King is the film director-producer, whose company, British Aviation Pictures, was responsible for *The First of the Few*, and his wife is a daughter of Mr. John Hutton, chairman of Kempton Park Racecourse. They are both very interested in horses, and Mrs. King's activities include running her own farm, Tunmore, near West Horsley, designing clothes for herself and for her husband's films, and her hobby is collecting antique furniture for their 500-year-old farmhouse, which she has completely redesigned and converted herself



George King intends putting his horse, Sunfish, four-year-old son of Solario, into training next season

Photographs by  
Tunbridge-Sedgwick



Mrs. George King is very proud of her filly foal, Liza Mandy, by Mesmerus out of her mare, Collette



Studying the Script for a New Film. The Dog is Jill



At work on her farm, Mrs. King drives the tractor herself



Mr. and Mrs. George King in their Surrey farmhouse

# Pictures in the Fire

By "Sabretache"

## H.R.H. The Duke of Gloucester

THE Governor-General-elect of Australia is not the only person due for congratulations, for his new charge thinks that it also should be felicitated. In this, I am sure, Australia is correct, and it is also certain that she is getting the right "Man for Galway." It has always been my impression that the word Australia has been wrongly spelt, for I am certain that there must be more horses than humans in that great sub-continent. No one who does not love horses had better go to Australia! The Governor-General-elect is not only fond of them, but is something much more—a genuine Horse Soldier! H.R.H. is no stranger to his new domain, for he has been there before, and so, I understand, has made the acquaintance of the far-famed Melbourne Hounds, whose country, according to my information, is almost exclusively of the timber variety, four-railers for choice. In the country with which the



## For a National Savings Campaign

Colonel N. C. Tufnell, appointed Liaison Officer between the War Office and the National Savings Committee for next year's big "Salute the Soldier" savings campaign, is a former well-known cricketer, and played for Eton, Cambridge, Surrey and the M.C.C.

Duke and his Royal-brethren are most familiar—Leicestershire—there is also plenty of timber, especially in what was once called the South Quorn (*temp.*: Sir Dick Sutton), and is now Fernie's, so H.R.H. has a remedy close at hand for any attacks of home-sickness which may overtake him. Any Australian to whom I have spoken upon the subject of his new ruler has said that it is "too right," which, as my knowledge of the idiom tells me, is more emphatic than even "fair dinkum." Australia is also to be congratulated upon acquiring the Consort of her new Governor-General. This country has capitulated to the Duchess's charm—man, woman and child—and I am certain that Australia will follow suit. H.R.H. is not quite so prominent in the hunting world as is His Grace, but she hails from a country, the Buccleuch, which is second to none, and demands a first-class horse to get over it at all. It is only right here to re-echo the sentiments of both Great Britain and Australia, and say "God Speed!"

## Spats?

THE editor has kindly handed me a letter from a naval officer, who was inspired to write it by a vivid picture in this paper by the talented artist W/Cdr. E. G. Oakley-Beuttler, dealing with what is now known (at the Admiralty) as "monocular vision," and predicting that the now officially authorised eyeglass may be supplemented by the spat and the buttonhole. Our correspondent, T/Lt. (E) Brian H. Neal, R.N.V.R., says that our artistic Wing-Commander has by no means indulged in wishful picturisation where monacles are concerned, for the officer has just returned across the loud-rousing Atlantic in a small craft in which, out of a ship's company of seventeen, four wore monacles. Two were A.B.s and the others petty officers, and Mr. Neal claims that this must be a world's record. This is a certainty. The other thirteen of the ship's complement included an admiral, several colonels—at any rate, two or three—and the rest were retired naval and army officers and yachtsmen, the ages ranging from fifty to seventy-two. As to spats, I do not see why not, if, as I suspect, tobacco-chewing is still a naval custom. They would be most appropriate footwear to counter-act splashing. Chewing, and the inevitable expectoration, came in originally, I opine, because it is usually too windy on the ocean wave to light a pipe. If spats do come in, I suspect that, at first, they will be restricted to members of a thing called the Dog Watch. "Putting on dog (or dorg)" is a very well-known Australian colloquialism. At the same time, of course, there is no reason why spats should not be worn for holystoning or splicing the main brace. On the other hand, a go-ahead concern like the Royal Navy may decide against such a retrograde step along the path of fashion, for even members of the Stock Exchange chuckled spats some years ago, and the Peerage and the Baronetage even before that. So we must just await further developments.

## A Central India Horse Loss

THERE must be many past and present officers of the C.I.H., as well as many others outside the two regiments, especially



## Celebrating a Jubilee

Chairman of Harrods, Ltd., and its associated stores, Sir R. Woodman Burbidge, Bt., C.B.E., has been in the business for fifty years. He succeeded his father as managing director in 1917, relinquishing the post in favour of his son eight years ago.

polo-playing and pigsticking people, to whom the recent death of Lt.-Col. Alan Hewlett is a great sorrow, for he was much liked, and very famous in the records of sport put up by those two fine cavalry regiments, the 38th and 39th Central India Horse. I think that I am right in saying that Alan Hewlett put in most of his service with the 39th, and commanded the amalgamated regiments from 1918 to 1923. The two regiments, almost a brigade strong in themselves, were naturally blood brothers, even though each had its own permanent station their famous polo teams, in many of which Alan Hewlett played, were drawn impartially from both regiments. I have not got the exact details of the years in which the deceased officer was in the C.I.H. team, but it was between 1900 and 1914, the years before they began to make their mark so indelibly on the Indian Inter-Regimental, taking on the cracks of the British and Indian Cavalry quite impartially.

## A Great Polo Record

As the short record is certain to interest so many who soldiered when cavalry were cavalry, here it is: In 1922 the Central India  
(Concluded on page 276)



## Destroyer Cdr. in London

Cdr. St. J. R. J. Tyrwhitt, D.S.O., D.S.C., R.N., told the story of how the British destroyer *Laforey* silenced an enemy shore battery from half a mile away during the Salerno landing.



## The Regent of Irak Visits an R.A.F. College

The R.A.F. College at Cranwell had a visit from the Regent of Irak. Above, G/Capt. Ryder, O.C. the College, the Regent and General Namiq Ismail watch Air Vice-Marshal Champion de Crespigny demonstrate the landing of an aircraft.



### "Birds of a Feather." By "The Tout"

The King is sending two young birds from the Sandringham lofts to be sold at the auction of racing pigeons which is being held next Saturday, December 4th, at Newmarket, in aid of the Red Cross Agriculture Fund. As proceedings will be conducted by the one and only Gerald Deane, the sale is sure to be a big success, especially as most of the big bloodstock buyers will be on the spot in anticipation of the important December Sales, due to open at "Headquarters" the following Monday

## Pictures in the Fire

(Continued)

Horse won, beating the 11th P.A.V.O. (Prince Albert Victor's Own) Cavalry; in 1924 and 1925 the P.A.V.O. beat the C.I.H. in the final; in 1926 the C.I.H. were runners-up to the 15th Lancers; in 1927 the C.I.H. won it, beating Probyn's Horse; in 1928 their old foemen, the P.A.V.O., beat them in the final; in 1929 the C.I.H. won it from the 15th Lancers; in 1930 from the 15th/19th Hussars; in 1931 from the 15th Lancers; in 1934 the P.A.V.O. put them out in the final, and in 1939 they were downed in the 1st round by the 17th/21st Lancers, who were eventually beaten in the final 3 to 2 by the P.A.V.O., whose team included two people well known at Hurlingham, P. B. Sanger (7 goals) and R. G. Hanmer (5 goals). The C.I.H. record of five wins is just one less than that of the P.A.V.O. (six), who, in their turn, are beaten by the 10th Hussars, whose amazing score is nine—six of them all in a row. The 9th Lancers, incidentally, won it five times. All this is very nice to talk about at a time when polo grounds are growing corn, but, perhaps, a bit of a headache to many. In another sphere of dangerous sport Alan Hewlett also distinguished himself, as he won the Gujarat (Pigsticking) Cup in 1899 on an Australian horse, well named Larrikin. Incidentally, Colonel Henry Medicott, who is with us in London, wrote the "Gujarat" chapter in Wardrop's excellent book, *Modern Pigsticking*, and was well qualified so to do, for he won this cup twice himself, once when he was an R.F.A. subaltern in 1907, and again in 1909, after he had transferred to the 3rd Skinner's Horse. He won on an Arab, Result II, both times. Colonel Medicott has also won the Pigsticking Blue Ribbon, the Kadir. This was in 1914, on Drogheda.

Neither the Kadir nor the Gujarat Cups have been competed for since this Second German War broke out, thus following the precedent set by the last war. The Kadir was resumed in 1919 and was won by Mr. Marsh, I.C.S., and I think the Gujarat Cup restarted almost as soon, but unfortunately this and some other records have gone up in smoke. Restarting is not as easy as all that, for it takes a bit of time to make a first-class pigsticker, and I should be inclined to believe that he is born rather than made. He is never much real use unless he has got eyes in his feet. This goes also for a fox-hunting horse.



Major R. V. Stanley's Rugby XV. Beat Oxford University

The match, won by 22 points to 14, was played at Oxford. Here is Major Stanley's team. On the ground: H. J. C. Rees, B. W. T. Ritchie. Front row: M. M. Walford, H. J. Rees, J. Parsons (captain), R. J. Longland, D. John. Middle row: Major R. V. Stanley, D. Haslegrave, S. R. Couchman, M. J. Daly, G. A. Hudson. Back row: W. Nash, Rev. F. W. Cocks, J. E. T. Middleditch, J. Remlinger



D. R. Stuart

Oxford University XV. had previously beaten Guy's Hospital, and lost to King's College Hospital and St. Mary's. The Oxford team—on the ground: R. Seidelin, P. Ralphs. Front row: K. A. W. Overton, H. A. K. Rowland, D. A. B. Garton-Sprenger (captain), A. H. Campbell, P. C. Carton-Kelly. Middle row: C. G. White, J. C. Dawson, D. Tahany, J. Pearce. Back row: P. Blandy, B. W. Cole, L. W. G. Drayton, H. Pullinger



### *An Elementary Flying Training School*

Front row: F/Os. A. C. Motte, A. W. Roper, R.A.A.F., J. B. Miller, J. F. Dean, F/Lts. J. C. Grace, the Hon. E. A. Strutt, F/O. V. G. Ward, F/Lt. W. D. Brinsden, S/Ldr. W. H. R. Whitty, W/Cdr. T. C. Chambers, A.F.C., Lt.-Cdr. J. W. Hawkins, R.N., F/Lts. F. Holt, A.F.C., C. A. Ogilvy, F/O. D. L. Muir-Simpson, F/Lt. W. L. Rodger, P/O. W. D. Penny, Mr. H. B. Bexley

## On Active Service



D. R. Stuart

### *Senior Officers of an American Army H.Q.*

Sitting (l. to r.): Lt.-Col. Jefferson E. Kidd, Rushton, Louisiana, Lt.-Col. Russell A. Baker, Columbus, Georgia, Lt.-Col. Charles E. Beauchamp, Detroit, Michigan. Standing: Lt.-Col. Charles F. Sleeper, Evanston, Illinois, Major Thomas C. Adams, Kansas City, Missouri, Lt.-Col. Clinton R. Boo, St. Paul's, Minnesota, Major William W. Ward, Des Moines, Iowa



D. R. Stuart

### *An Aeronautical Engineering Class, R.N.*

Front row: Lts. (E) Bannister, Bell, (A) Onions, (E) Illingworth, (A) Lloyd, (E) Parker, (E) Clarke. Middle row: Lts. (E) Dilnot, Willcock, Wigg, Sub-Lt. (E) Ranken, Lts. (E) Coleman, Mosse, Sub-Lt. (E) Lewis. Back row: Sub-Lt. (E) Reed, R.A.N., Lt. (E) Hobson, Sub-Lt. (E) Jones, Lts. (E) Pedder, Daish, Irwin, Eastwood

### *Officers of an Empire Flying School Somewhere in England*

D. R. Stuart

Front row: P/O. D. A. Tierney, F/Lt. C. G. T. Tucker, F/O. E. G. Dunstan, P/O. S. Long, F/Lt. W. E. S. Romer, P/O. A. J. F. Grant. Second row: W/Cdr. N. J. Capper, A.F.C., S/O. E. M. Leuham, W/Cdr. G. Silyn-Roberts, A.F.C., Lt.-Col. C. L. Wemyss, G/Capt. R. W. G. Lywood, A/Cdre. G. S. Oddie, D.F.C., A.F.C., W/Cdrs. Watts, A. C. Kermode, R. G. Slade, Flt./O. Dix-Perkin, S/Ldr. Rev. R. G. James. Third row: S/Ldr. J. M. Birkin, A.F.C., F/Lt. J. Hart, S/Ldr. A. Scott, P/O. G. A. V. Roberts, S/Ldr. H. M. Heron, F/Lt. G. E. Lillywhite, A.F.C., A.F.M., S/Ldrs. H. A. C. Stratton, A.F.C., N. S. T. Benson, A.F.C., R. A. R. Bembridge, M. S. C. Stephens, J. C. Wheeler, H. G. H. Holderness, H. E. Chapman, F/O. E. G. Grimbley, A/P/O. E. Branson, F/Lt. T. C. Pick, F/O. S. R. K. Reakes, F/Lts. V. D. Lees, L. W. Slater, J. L. Crosthwaite, H. G. Sambrooke, P. H. R. Bristow, S/Ldr. E. S. J. Edwards, D.F.C., Mr. R. A. Bradshaw, S/Ldr. E. M. D. Darell, O.B.E., P/O. A. E. Tattersall, F/Lts. D. W. Moeran, R. J. Welcome, Mr. M. A. Langdell. Back row: A/S/O. D. McGee, F/Os. K. E. Young, E. G. Poynting, G. A. Lowndes, F/Lts. A. W. Wood, G. B. Savi, E. Drapkin, W. E. G. West, B. N. Phillips, C. F. Cracknell, J. R. Johnson, G. T. Jones, L. M. Jenkins, H. G. Kennard, P/O. R. P. Banks, F/Lt. G. W. Couzens, S/Ldr. B. S. Tomlin, D.F.C., F/Lt. L. E. Farnes, A/S/O. C. P. Hayes, F/O. J. H. Budd

# With Silent Friends

By Elizabeth Bowen

## Rabbits as an Escape

EDWARD LEDWARD, hero of Monica Dickens's *The Fancy* (Michael Joseph; 10s. 6d.), has to sustain both a difficult working day and the doubtful comforts of genteel suburban home life. As to his looks, we are given only one clue—one of the girls at the factory, the first time she saw him, thought him a little like Conrad Veidt—but his character, ever more likeable, develops for us as the story goes on. Like his setting—Collis Park, just off "the main road which used to go to Oxford and Bath and Bristol, and now went, even more romantically, just 'To the WEST'"—Edward Ledward is both convincing and solid. In the first chapter, he has heard he has been promoted, at Canning Kyle's aero-engine servicing factory, from the Fitting Shop to the Inspection Shop, where he is to be charge-hand at one of the girls' benches.

This, besides the prestige, will mean thirty bob a week more. But at home, will any enter into Edward's triumph? His mother-in-law, his father-in-law, and his sister-in-law, Dorothy, in her interesting condition, are in possession not only of the Ledward living-room but of the whole of Connie Ledward's attention. So Edward, having been slipped the heart of a lettuce by the sympathetic young lady at the delicatessen, goes round quietly to his back garden and feeds his rabbits. And more, he communes with them.

Rabbits, for Edward, are refreshingly free of human fatuity and complexity. Certainly, our earliest view of Connie is enough to show, any rabbit could give her points in the matter of amiability, charm, repose. Connie's heart (if it does exist) is as tight as her "set" curls. Even in daughterly feeling she displays egotism, plus a deadly gentility—her "I'm sure I'm very sorry, Mother, if I caused you any inconvenience," is, in its context, exquisite. Connie refuses Edward a child, and more. She is at once a shower-off and a slut—Edward has to fall back, for most meals, on paper bags, but when E. Dexter Bell, that most dashing of house agents, is invited to sup at the Ledward home, Connie brings out, with a flourish, the perfectly-roasted chicken.

Altogether, one wonders that the love-starved Edward remains so avuncular, or at the most platonic, with the ten girl factory-workers under his charge. Tenderness for the fragile Wendy (after whom he has already christened his favourite, most fragile doe) does dawn, but pursues a circumspect course.

## Cross-Section

EDWARD, although he is the one masculine, is by no means the only important character in *The Fancy*. This humane and most entertaining novel—which I read at a sitting, unable to put it down—is, really, a cross-section of a number of different lives. Londoners of many ages and classes, and comparative innocents who have

come to London for war work, mix. Some of Edward's ten Canning Kyle girl charges we follow from their different homes to the bench, others back from the bench to their different homes. Gay, hard-boiled Dinah, hectic Paddy, dear, contented Kitty, popping out of her skin from mother's good cooking and the smooth course of love, and Madeleine, maddening veteran of the last war, who minces to work in slacks but redeems the effect by wearing a fur and an eye-veil hat—all these become our familiars, as *The Fancy* proceeds.

Sheila, up from the country, reacting rather too strongly against years of being a home-girl in a good-style tweed skirt, deserves, and gets, the best of Miss Dickens's pen. Poor Sheila soon surrenders her independence, as well as all her spare time from the factory, to an—to all other eyes—intolerable young man: David's love wanes when she has to give up the West End flat in which she had housed him so comfortably. Mrs. Urry, who habitually sleeps in the Underground, seems at first to exist in the story for her own sweet sake—but, later, she plays her part in such plot as there is.

Remembering *One Pair of Hands* and *One Pair of Feet*, you will hardly need me to remind you that Miss Monica Dickens is one of the most engaging of our comic authors. At the same time, she never sacrifices either fact or genuine feeling to comedy. The time of *The Fancy* is wartime, and the overhanging shadow is not belittled. Connie's relatives, discussing the nine o'clock news, are stupendous—but just do not set one's teeth on edge. Happy moments, as they do in wartime, stand out: the account of the Collis Park Rabbit Show, with its hopes



Author and Prospective M.P.

F/Lt. William Burke Teeling, the well-known author, is being recommended by the Brighton and Hove Conservative Association as prospective National Government candidate for the division, one of whose two Members, Sir Cooper Rawson, has intimated that he will not seek re-election. F/Lt. Teeling, who is at present working at the Air Ministry, has spent many years studying economic and labour problems

and fears, seems to me worth re-reading at least three times. The E. Dexter Bell rabbits "had glamour," but the Ledward stock made good by sheer solid worth.

## Russia's Poetry

THE average English reader thinks of Russian literature in terms of novels and plays, rather than poetry. Majestic or lyrical poetic feeling infuses the novels of Dostoevsky, Turgenev and Tolstoi, and the stories and plays of Chekhov. The translation into English of those nineteenth-century prose masterpieces has influenced not only our actual literature, but our feeling for life: I should say that, since the English novel began, in the eighteenth century, no foreign influence, till the Russian came, had really left any lasting mark. Also, that although the great Russian novels have by now been translated into all the more important European languages, and have been admired as they deserve, they have been more felt in England than in any other country. Is this, perhaps, because they speak for us, as well as for the country that gave them birth? They express emotions, they record experiences, they define shades in human character of which we are ourselves conscious, but to which the English novel, for all its greatness, has not yet given expression.

The giant Russian novelists were all pre-Revolutionary; contemporaries of our own Victorians. Post-Revolutionary Russian writing has yet to become as known to us: how far is it to remain in the great tradition? The little that we have seen of it has not, so far, been generally

(Concluded on page 280)

# CARAVAN CAUSERIE

By Richard King

JUST as, when we grow older, we secretly revise the scale of sins,

so also, as we grow older, we modify our demands on happiness. When we were young, we used to be so shocked by facts which we now take blithely in life's stride. Now we have brought down the fundamentals of happy living to something which is little more exigent than an absence from bodily and mental pain. So long as people are kindly in their intercourse with others we forgive them almost everything; so long as we are left in peace to develop our own life and personality we can forgo the once essential ecstasies. Morality and happiness become, therefore, just as simple as all that.

Nevertheless, we still cannot live in peace. The arch-enemies in human life are the complicators of it. And, alas! there are millions of them about. When I hear the Fascists and the anti-Fascists, the Communists and the anti-Communists, the Rights, the Lefts and the Liberals all screaming against each other until you cannot hear common sense for the din they make, I often wonder if human happiness really inspires them or, peradventure, the triumph of their own theories. For, after all, the foundations of human happiness are not so very abstruse! The opportunity to work at a job for which a man is most fitted; the future assured, providing he also fulfils his part of the labour contract; a house of his own amid pleasant surrounds; security in his old age—one would, indeed, have thought

that that earthly beatitude would not be so very difficult to attain.

Yet the world has endured wars and revolutions, riots, suffering and premature death for century after century—and yet that so modest end has not been reached. And so long as men are ready to die or kill for an "ism" I don't suppose it ever will be.

For "isms" complicate everything—like religious sects. Just as politics mess up peace, so does dogma dull the jewel of faith. Yet, just as the philosophy of Christianity—for it is also a philosophy—can be, metaphorically speaking, understood by a child and contained in a nutshell, as it is interpreted by the opposing faithful it is too large to be contained even in a hundred warring groups.

Secretly, therefore, one begins to believe at last that without the direct challenge of an "ism," without the battle over those unessentials which divide the churches, politicians and priests would be left physically and emotionally out of work, and, consequently, would die sooner than watch humanity attain the very simple foundations of happy living, the equally simple foundations of religious faith, except under their own pet banners and at their own direct dictation. Indeed, there come moments when, were it not all so tragic for the human history, one suspects that it must strike the gods as being preternaturally—silly!



**Proctor — Lywood**

P/O. Ian Proctor, R.A.F.V.R., son of Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Proctor, of 24, Grange Road, Bushey, Hertfordshire, and Elizabeth Ann Lywood, elder daughter of Air Vice-Marshal and Mrs. Lywood, of M.Y. "Roma," Cubitt's Yacht Basin, Chiswick, were married at St. Mary's, Langley, Berks.



**Wynn-Williams — Jowitt**

Dr. George Wynn-Williams, F.R.C.S., eldest son of Dr. and Mrs. Wynn-Williams, of Clivedon, Middlesbrough, and Penelope Jowitt, only child of Sir William Jowitt, P.C., K.C., M.P., and Lady Jowitt, of Marsham Court, S.W., were married at St. Margaret's, Westminster



**Smith-Bingham — Trimble**

F/Lt. Denis Smith-Bingham, R.A.F., youngest son of Brig.-Gen. O. Smith-Bingham, C.M.G., D.S.O., and Mrs. Smith-Bingham, of Mickleton Manor, Gloucestershire, and Miss Cringan Trimble, daughter of the late George Trimble and Mrs. Trimble, of Toronto, Ontario, were married in Toronto

## Getting Married

### The "Tatler and Bystander's" Review of Weddings



Capt. Bruce Kinloch, M.C., Gurkha Rifles (Q.A.O.), younger son of Mr. and Mrs. R. Kinloch, of Amersham, Bucks., and Elizabeth Maud Charter, only daughter of Colonel W. F. Charter, M.C., Indian Army, and Mrs. Charter, were married at St. Paul's Cathedral, Calcutta, in July

**Kinloch — Charter**



**St. John — Vickers**

Major Roger Ellis Tudor St. John, The Royal Northumberland Fusiliers, elder son of Major and Mrs. Tudor St. John, of Aboyne, Aberdeenshire, married Rosemary Jean Douglas Vickers, daughter of the late Ronald Vickers and Mrs. Vickers, of Scailcliffe, Englefield Green, Surrey, at the King's Chapel of the Savoy



**Eden — Hobhouse**

The Hon. Michael Eden, The Life Guards, eldest son of Lord and Lady Henley, of Watford Court, Rugby, married Elizabeth Hobhouse at St. Margaret's, Westminster. The bride is the eldest daughter of Sir Arthur and Lady Hobhouse, of Hadspen House, Somerset

## ON AND OFF DUTY

(Continued from page 267)

## Anglo-Brazilian Luncheon

THE new Portuguese Ambassador and his wife, the Duke and Duchess of Palmella, were present at the Anglo-Brazilian luncheon held in London recently. Guests were received by H.E. the Brazilian Ambassador and his wife, and by Sir Thomas and Lady Cook. Incidentally, in a recent copy of *The Tatler*, Sir Thomas Cook was wrongly described as Chairman of the Welcome Committee of the Overseas League. Sir Thomas Cook is liaison officer for most of the Allies, but it is, of course, Sir Jocelyn Lucas who is—and has been for the past five years—Chairman of the Welcome Committee. We apologise for any confusion our mistake may have caused.



A Yugoslav Xmas Bazaar

Princess Romanovsky-Pavlovsky (centre) opened a Christmas bazaar in aid of the Yugoslav Relief Society, of which she is chairman, at the Society's headquarters in Piccadilly. Afterwards she helped the Yugoslav Ambassador, M. Jevtic, to make his purchases

## First Night

THE Westminster Theatre was packed for the first performance of Oscar Wilde's *An Ideal Husband*, which is the first of a series of plays to be presented by Robert Donat at the theatre during the coming months. The cast includes Dame Irene Vanbrugh, who was in the original production of *The Importance of Being Earnest*, and who made a charming speech after many curtain calls at the end, Roland Culver, Esme Percy, Martita Hunt and Manning Whitley. The audience was obviously delighted with the decor and dresses by Rex Whistler (who is now in the Welsh Guards), and the incidental music, which was chosen by Edward Sackville-West, who, as a boy, was taught to play the piano by Irene Scharrer, the famous mother of Ian Lubbock, who is another member of the cast. Unfortunately, Mr. Donat was not able to be in the house, as he is out on an Ensa tour with *Heartbreak House*, but I saw among the audience those inveterate first-nighters, Sir Louis Sterling and his very lovely wife, Mr. C. B. Cochran, Mr. Cecil Beaton, Mr. Ashley Dukes, Mr. Derek Patmore (just back from Cairo), Miss Wanda Rotha, Miss Magda Kun and Mr. Vivian Holland, son of the play's late author.



Special Performance of "The Merry Widow"

Before leaving to entertain the Eighth Army, the cast of "The Merry Widow" gave a special show at Fighter Command Headquarters. Above are Cyril Ritchards, Air Marshal Sir Trafford Leigh-Mallory, A.O.C.-in-C. Fighter Command, Anna Clare, Madge Elliott, Mary Rigby, Lady Leigh-Mallory and F/O. Freddy Carpenter

## WITH SILENT FRIENDS

(Continued from page 278)

sympathetic: a certain harshness appears—but, even so, there is always the vein of poetry. Perhaps, since the Revolution, the Russian genius has been flowing, rather, into the cinema: one is struck by the poetic force of the Russian films.

Were we, therefore, to take it that Russia had put out little *direct* poetry—that her poetry runs underground through her prose and films? The appearance of *A Book of Russian Verse*, edited by C. M. Bowra (Macmillan; 8s. 6d.), would be enough, in itself, to correct this mistake. Dr. Bowra (whose *The Heritage of Symbolism* you will remember) has done English readers a service in opening to them what is a treasure-house. The translators, among whom he himself ranks high, have not only kept to the metres but, one feels certain, captured the spirit of the originals. I am told that, in spite of the apparent extreme unlikeness of the two languages, Russian verse goes particularly happily into English—and this, from evidence here, I can well believe. Almost all of these poems have, in their English versions, so much transparency and spontaneity that one feels that little, if anything, has been lost, and that essentials of spirit have not been sacrificed to the demands of English metre and rhyme.

## Ever-moving Stream

"A BOOK OF RUSSIAN VERSE" is comprehensive, in terms of time alone. The collection begins with Pushkin (whose dates were 1799-1837) and closes with the work of Kazin and Mayakovsky: both of these were born in the 1890's; the first is; and the second ought to be, still living. Still thought to be living is the poetess, Anna Akhmatova, born in 1889, whose lyrics (especially the first given here) moved and delighted me particularly.

Yes, the genius of a country is like a river: the current never stops. We find, within this collection, reflections of change and time. There is the sometimes sombre, sometimes fiery, romanticism of Pushkin and Lermontov; there is the Tennysonian reflective sweetness of A. Tolstoy (not the novelist); there is the symbolism of Blok (Dr. Bowra's study of whom was, perhaps, the high point of *The Heritage of Symbolism*). What are the most general characteristics, the background and the distinctions of Russian poetry? To these, Dr. Bowra's Introduction—though suggestive rather than didactic—makes an excellent guide. Here are extracts from it:

When we come to Russian poetry from English or French or Italian, we feel at first that its tones are quieter, its colours more subdued, its subjects less adventurous, its range more limited. . . . The most frankly emotional of European peoples has given to the arts the discipline which it sometimes shuns in life. Its emotions are naturally so strong that it feels no call to exaggerate them or dress them up in the hope of making them more interesting. . . .

Russian poetry is penetrated by the Russian landscape, with its vast spaces, its rolling steppes, its woods of pine and birch and fir. . . . The simplicity of the landscape presents a contrast to the variety of human life in it and to the strange depths of human nature to be found in any man or woman. The Russian poets, like the Russian novelists, have a lively understanding of many types of humanity. . . . In lyrical poetry this profound interest in human life is most often turned to the poet's own experience, and it is when Russian poets write about themselves that they win their greatest triumphs. . . . The emotional range of Russian poetry covers almost all the places of the heart, from the ecstatic joy of first love to mature affection and brooding memory and defeated despair. It embraces the simplest pleasures in natural beauty. . . .

This poetry has been written against a varying political background, and has had to adapt itself to political control and censorship. . . . The Russian poets have on the whole kept their integrity and independence in politics. They have made use of such comment as has been allowed to them, and they have felt the tragedy and grandeur of their country's destiny. It might even be said that this love of their country is, more than anything else, their most abiding characteristic.

Among the translators to whom we are indebted for our enjoyment of *A Book of Russian Verse* are Maurice Baring, Oliver Elton, J. S. Phillimore and, as I have said, not least C. M. Bowra.

## Lasting Tie

"GREECE AND BRITAIN," by Stanley Casson (Collins; 4s. 6d.) inaugurates a new series, "The Nations and Britain," which is to run parallel to the "Britain in Pictures" series, and is no less beautifully illustrated and produced. Of the new series, the publishers say: "It is the purpose of these books to give an account of the relationship and mutual influence of Great Britain and the Nations of the World; to give an historical account of the past, some analysis of the respective characteristics of their peoples, their present relations and some forecast of their future political, cultural and social contacts."

For this present book, a more ideal author could hardly have been found. Lt.-Col. Stanley Casson, distinguished scholar and archaeologist, writes with a light, engaging precision on the subject he has so well in hand. Learning, happily, has not dulled this pen. The discovery of Britain by a Greek mariner, the fabulous tales of us that went back to Greece, the relations that sprang up around the tin trade—all this was, by some centuries, B.C. Farther on, the influence of Greek on British art has been traced. There are most entertaining extracts from travellers' stories; also, an account of the Greek wars of independence, the cause to which Byron gave his life.



## *The Minni Cup*

Norsemen toasted Thor and Odin and living kings in the "minni." What the drink was we do not know—possibly a kind of spruce beer—but "minni" came to have the meaning of love, memory and the thought of absent ones and the custom survived in England down to the middle ages and later in the "minnying" or "mynde" days.

# Schweppe<sup>\*</sup>

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3

The fun of giving is in finding the right present for the right person. Your ideal gift may not be here, but these suggestions will give you some idea of where it is most likely to be found



4



5



1



6



7

**One**—A magnificent bronze plinth of the Prime Minister. From Harrods

**Two**—Lovely jewelled accessories to brighten last year's frock—a heavily beaded necklet, another of flat pieces of mother-of-pearl clustered with beads and strung on black cord, and a brooch and matching ear-clips of gilt sea-shells all come from Debenhams; the two flower sprays of exquisite workmanship and the charming basket boutonniere from Harvey Nichols

**Three**—Sponge bags of American cloth and raffia. Fortnum and Mason

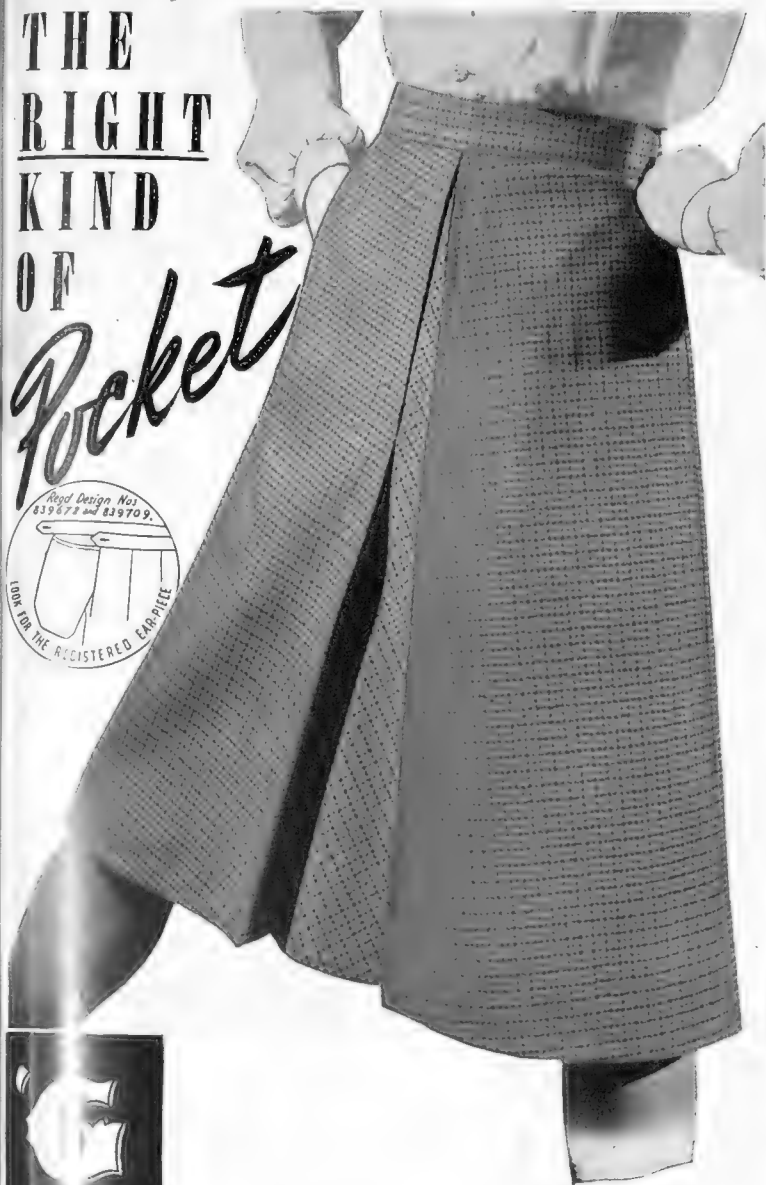
**Four**—Decorations for your Christmas-tree from Marshall and Snelgrove

**Five**—Presents for men—the directory holder from Harrods, the address book, Five-Year Diary and Telephone Number Reminder from Harvey Nichols, and the pipe, the special Domini Scotch Mixture Tobacco and the books from Selfridges

**Six**—Presents for the home—the electric clock, the painted, unbreakable glass tray and matching table-mats from Marshall and Snelgrove; the ever-useful spills and spongeable table-mats (available in eight different colours) from Harrods; and the chintz mats from Fortnum and Mason

**Seven**—Presents for women—the cotton-wool containers, a luxurious bath puff topped with forget-me-nots, a sponge bag of red-spotted American cloth (all from Debenhams), and a giant jar of bath salts from Selfridges

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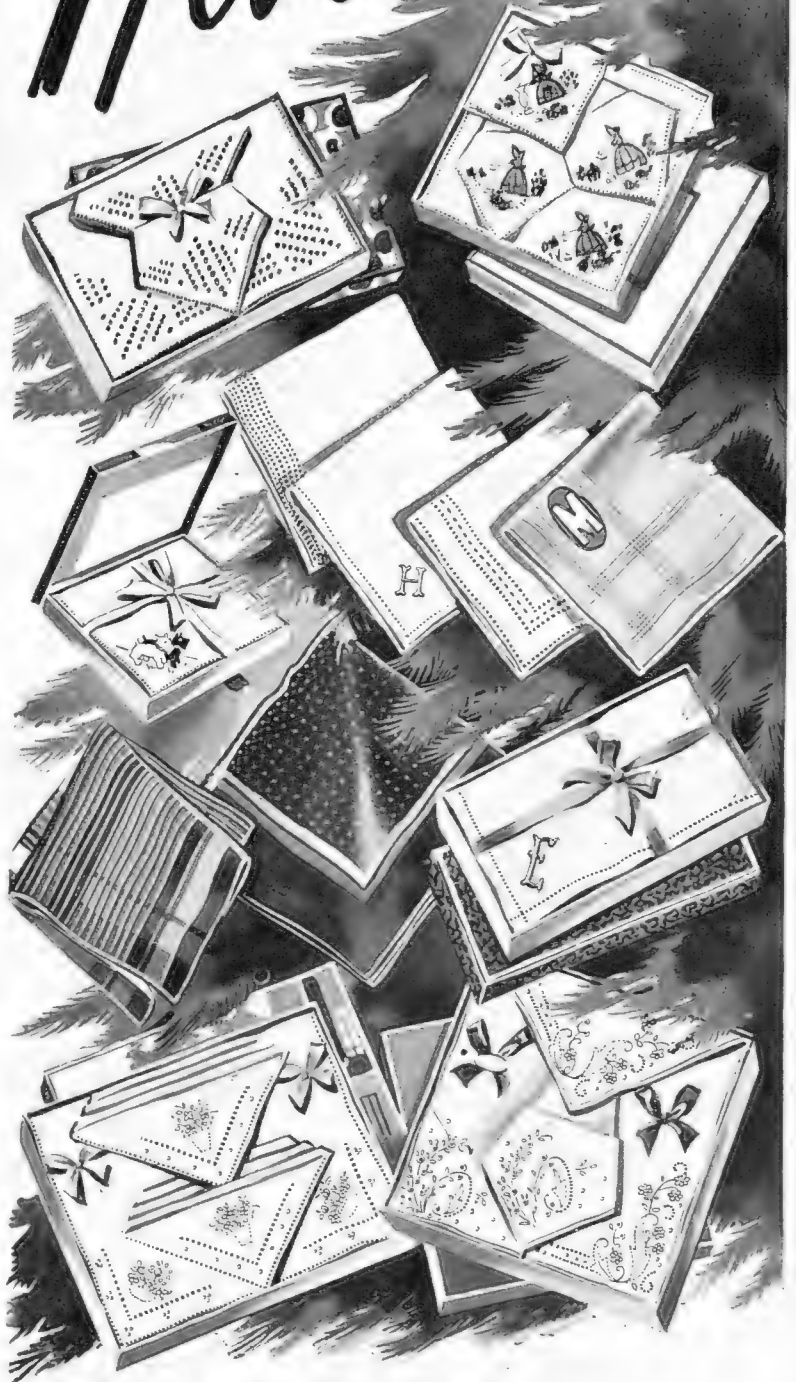
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4 white lawn handkerchiefs embroidered with black and white Scottie dogs. (1 coupon) Per box 3/10

Six rows of spoke stitching border this white lawn handkerchief. (3 coupons a dozen) Per dozen 15/10 In Irish linen. Per dozen 27/5

White Irish linen, with small initial. Approximately 11 ins. square. (3 coupons a dozen) Per dozen 9/10

White lawn, with three rows of open stitching. (3 coupons a dozen) Per dozen 9/6 Also in Irish linen. Per dozen 23/6

With woven initial on soft white lawn. Approximately 11½ ins. square. (3 coupons a dozen) Per dozen 6/-

3rd row:—

Silk-mixture handkerchiefs, in multi-coloured stripe designs of fast-boiling colours. (1 coupon) 4 for 7/-

Soft crepe-de-chine in pin-spot design. Approximately 18 ins. square. Brown, navy, red, green or blue grounds. (2 for 1 coupon) Each 8/-

Men's white cambric handkerchiefs, 17 ins. square, with half-inch hem and hand-embroidered initial. (3 coupons half dozen) Box of 6 12/-

Bottom row:—

4 Sheer Irish linen handkerchiefs, with one corner hand-embroidered. (1 coupon) Box 9/9

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Stories from Everywhere

TWO American soldiers were watching a show in a small town. Attracted by a red-haired girl in the chorus, one said: "Gee, oh boy! I'd give ten good English shillings for a lock of that girl's hair!" "Give me your money," whispered his companion. With the money in his hand he left the seat, making his way to the stage door.

Returning some minutes later, he thrust something into his friend's hand and said: "You got a bargain, Johnny, she let me have the whole wig for ten shillings!"

WHILE travelling his route through the Kentucky mountains, a tobacco salesman dropped into a country store. A hulk of a man sat slumped in a chair, with his head on the table and his arms hiding his face. Judging from the bottle that was being passed, here was the first victim of a drinking bout.

"Has that man taken a bit too much?" asked the salesman.

"Nope," replied the clerk. "He's all right."

The salesman filled an order for tobacco, saw that the figure at the table hadn't moved, and tried again: "Are you sure he doesn't need a doctor?"

"He's all right," grunted the clerk. "Jest a few minutes ago a fella come in an' shot 'im an' we-uns air wain' for the coroner."

AN old Texas drunkard saw so many pink elephants that he hired a hall and put up a sign:—

"Twenty-five cents to see the zoo."

A couple of customers resented the fact that they saw nothing but four bare walls, and swore out a complaint.

When the sheriff came to make the arrest, the drunk hauled his jug out from under the counter. The sheriff took three snifters—and paid him five hundred dollars for a half interest in his show!



Vivienne

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A YOUNG lady dreamed she was walking along a strange country lane which led to a wooded hill. At the summit was a beautiful white house standing in a lovely garden. Delighted with it, she knocked on the door until it was opened by an old, old man with a long, long white, white beard. Just as she started to speak to him—she woke up. On three successive nights she had the same dream—awaking at the very same point.

A few weeks later, while driving to a friend's house in a near-by country place, she saw her dream-house on a hill. She stopped the car, dashed out and up the hill, her heart beating wildly all the way. There was the house—every feature the same as in her dreams and sure enough the old man answered her knock.

"Tell me," she said, "is this house for sale?"

"Yes," he told her, "but I'd scarcely advise you to buy it. This house is haunted."

"Haunted?" echoed the girl. "For heaven's sake by whom?"

"By you," said the old, old man, with the white beard—and he softly closed the door.

PETER's father had a library, of which he was justly proud, as it included many autographed copies, presentations from the authors. One day when Peter was looking over some of the volumes he asked his father what the writing in the front of some of the books meant. His father explained that they were autographed copies, which made them much more interesting to keep, and that many of them might in time become quite valuable.

The next day, Peter's mother reminded him that it was his sister's birthday next week, and asked if he had thought of a present for her.

"Yes," replied Peter, "I have. I am going to give her a Bible. Do you think she would like that?"

"I think that would be a lovely present," his mother said, "and I am sure she will be delighted."

The anniversary duly arrived and the parcel was handed over with pride at breakfast. When the little girl opened it she found a copy of the Bible with the words in her brother's best handwriting:—

"With the Compliments of the Author."

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For she was beautiful: her beauty made

The bright world dim, and everything beside

Seemed like the fleeting image of a shade.

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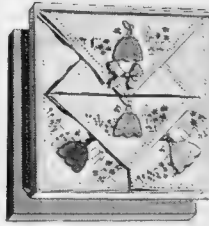
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## AIR EDDIES

By Oliver Stewart

### Theirs or Ours

THE argument about whether it is possible, from the sound of the engine alone, to tell if an aeroplane is friendly or hostile, has begun all over again. But I have heard some rather more ingenious explanations of how the trick can be done than used to be offered at the time of the blitz. It is suggested, for instance, that if you take up your observations from any point about midway between London and the coast, you can be almost certain that any aeroplane that passes overhead will be behaving in a characteristic way according to whether it is one of ours or one of theirs. One of ours will be flying at normal cruising speed on a regular course. It will not be likely to be either extremely high or extremely low. One of theirs will be altering course or height or both fairly frequently and will be flying at something rather in excess of normal cruising speed.

I doubted if there was justification for saying that anything nearer than a wild guess could be made; but I did try the method during the series of small raids in early November. I was astonished to notice how much (judging from the engine sounds) the German pilots were jinking. The engine régime never seemed settled for more than a few seconds on end. All of which supported the view that one does get a certain amount of information in a region where there is no anti-aircraft fire and the sounds can be listened to attentively. But I still doubt if the results can be considered any closer than a guess—if not necessarily a wild one.

### Yorkers

As an act of faith you could hardly do better than Sir Frank Spriggs, Mr. Dobson, Mr. Chadwick, Mr. Brown, and a few others of the Avro company did the other day when they went out to Canada and came back again in one of their very own Yorks. In a more rational country they would have been encouraged to express detailed views about their journeys in order to spread around all the good things about this machine. As it is we must be thankful for the photographs.

Personally I have always had the habit of guessing the qualities of an aircraft from its appearance. It is a habit I was forced to form when I was flying a great number of new types. And I would say that the appearance of the York seems to me to be good. It looks a sound, straightforward job, owing something to inspiration and something to empiricism. That central tail fin, however, puzzles me a bit. The fuselage is longer than the Lancaster and so there might have been expected to be a balance for the additional keel surface forward. But it seems that the greater leverage is not enough even with the well-shaped, plexiglass type, end-plate fins and rudders. I must put in one word here in order to get the B.B.C. and its followers right on a very small point. The York has not got three "tail units." Except when speaking very loosely it is a mistake to refer to fins and rudders as "tail units" or "tails." The York has three tail fins.

### Chaser Bombs

FROM the letters I have had I think that I must have failed to make myself clear when I was discussing in these pages the possibilities of a German chaser bomb. I was not speaking of a gliding bomb and that was why I avoided that term and used "winged bomb." The whole point of their recent work is that they could if they wished design a winged bomb, driven by rocket (and therefore not a glider). The idea of the gliding bomb is as old as the hills; but if you want it to go very fast and give it a high wing loading, the gliding angle is apt to be too poor for tactical purposes. With the development of rocket drive the winged bomb could be used with an ultra-high wing loading yet with a good range. In fact the whole point I was trying to make in dealing with chaser bombs was that the idea is old, but that the perfection of the automatic pilot, of radio control and of rocket drive, make the thing much more practical than it used to be.

### The Papers

IN another place I referred recently to an irrational aspect of the existing fire guard arrangements and suggested that they are not as well designed as they might be for providing the most useful protection against the latest kinds of German air raid. I expect to get a good deal of abuse as a result; but in fact I have only had one adverse comment. But adverse comment makes no difference unless it deals with the point at issue—and this comment did not.

The strongest thing in the world is a creative sequence of thought. It is most important to give the fullest opportunity for the arising of such sequences in the minds of people studying air defence matters. In my opinion those who have seen and stated the fact that in some of the great city areas, fire guarding is now aimed (intentionally or not) at saving offices rather than houses have discovered a fact which cannot be hidden.

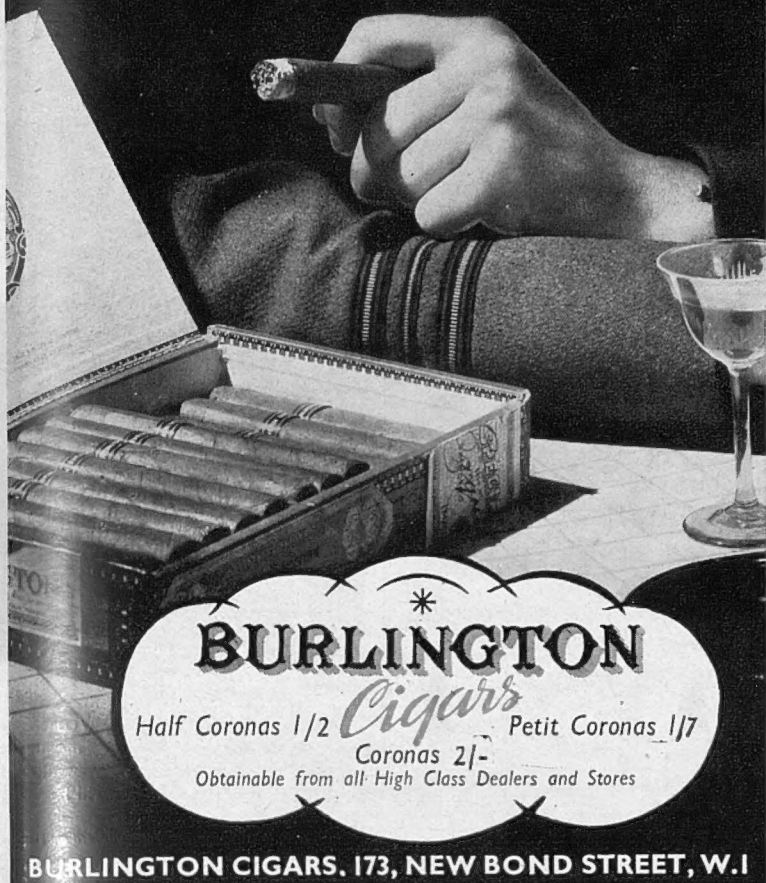
It is obviously with the best will in the world that large numbers of fire guards are marshalled night after night in the cities; but the exact purpose they are supposed to serve does not appear to have been exactly visualised. When it is visualised, it is found to consist in the saving of files, documents, papers and the buildings that house them. I feel that in the deployment of the fire guard the Air Ministry should be given the main responsibility; for these points would be more readily appreciated by it than by the Home Office.



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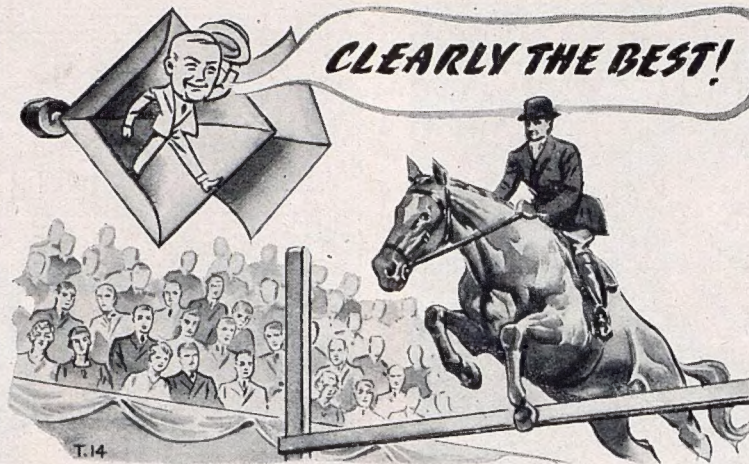
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